

# The Listener

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'Les Deux Espagnoles', by Constantin Guys: from an exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., in London

In this number:

The Commonwealth Conference in Perspective (Bruce Miller)

G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc (Hesketh Pearson)

High-Speed Aircraft and the 'Heat Barrier' (E. J. Richards)





## the things they say!

*The builder told me that the wood for our house came from Sweden. I wonder why we have to import so much timber. You'd think by now that you people who make plastics would have developed other materials to take its place.*

*Then we could cut down imports.*

But plastics are already being used a lot.

*Yes, I know — switches and lighting fittings and so on. But why stop there? What about wood for doors, for instance? If we made plastic doors at home, surely we could save a pretty penny?*

You're wrong there. For that particular job what's better than wood?

*What you're saying, then, is that plastics can replace ordinary materials only to a limited extent?*

That's right. But there are many fields where plastics are supreme —

where their lightness, strength and beauty, and the ease with which you can work them, give them the advantage over other materials.

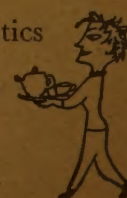
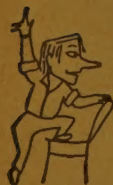
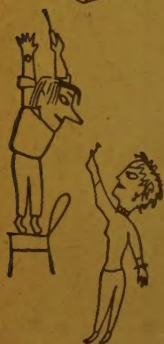
*Well, let's hear a few!*

'Perspex' for aircraft windows, polythene for washing-up bowls, nylon for brushes, P.V.C. for raincoats and curtains . . . .

*I didn't know that all these were plastics. Is there enough of them?*

Well, there's never enough of a good thing, but I.C.I. produced more than nine times as much plastics last year as they did in 1945. And quite a big part of their annual £8 million research and development programme is being used to keep this country ahead in plastics technology.

*All right, Mr. Know-all. I should have known better than to marry a man who's in the business.*





# The Listener

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# The Commonwealth Conference in Perspective

By BRUCE MILLER

A COMMONWEALTH conference is not officially called a conference at all, but a meeting. I think the reason why the prime ministers now meet, and do not confer, is that if they said they were conferring it might be held that they were resurrecting the old Imperial Conference, which has not met since 1937. No doubt the Imperial Conference is still buried somewhere in the files of the Commonwealth Relations Office: so far as I know, no one has read the funeral service over it.

In 1948, when the second post-war meeting of Commonwealth prime ministers was being arranged, a number of Conservative newspapers in London kept asking when the Imperial Conference was to be formally reinstated. But the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King, went out of his way to say that the coming meeting would not be 'in the nature of an Imperial Conference'. No decisions would be made. It would be a meeting 'to discuss matters of common interest' in a manner which would 'permit of the freest possible exchange of views for reference back' to the prime ministers' respective governments. No more has been heard about the Imperial Conference since then. But I think it is worth noting that the movement away from it was led by Mr. King, in one of his last effective acts as a Commonwealth figure. The 1946 conference, at which both Mr. King and Field-Marshal Smuts had been present, had been careful to state that 'centralised machinery' was not what the Commonwealth needed. The significance of this is that the move away from the Imperial Conference was almost complete before the Asian Dominions appeared on the scene.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to say that the present meetings are totally different from the Imperial Conference. If we are asking how they arise, we must answer: out of the Imperial Conference. The differences are that the Imperial Conference was supposed to meet regularly, had a system of voting for arriving at decisions, and issued a record

of its proceedings. The present-day meetings are not regular, there are no decisions, and nothing is issued except a *communiqué*. But there are numerous similarities. At the Imperial Conference, right from its formal beginning in 1907, equality of status was observed amongst the self-governing communities which attended, and autonomy in one's domestic affairs was the test of membership. The same is true of the present meetings. In its later years, the Imperial Conference was less notable for 'decisions' than for statements of agreement on controversial questions; and that is how the prime ministers express themselves now. Above all is the fact that significant functions in the fields of decision about Commonwealth status, and of joint economic policy, are left to the meetings of prime ministers just as they were left to the Imperial Conference.

Sometimes I am tempted to believe that all that has changed is the name of the conference ('imperial' is not the word it was); but there is more to it than that. The main difference is that when Commonwealth prime ministers met in the Imperial Conference they felt, and they were surrounded by an atmosphere which impelled them to feel, that they had a duty to agree, to forge a common policy, to display unity. When the prime ministers meet now there is, I think, no such feeling. They know they disagree about a good many things, and they are under no obligation to manufacture a unity which does not exist. It is possible that the lack of institutional pressure in the direction of unity creates more unity than would exist if that pressure were applied.

How the conference is made up is a more difficult question to answer. The Imperial Conference had a hard core composed of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. India was a member after 1917, though not self-governing; she gained this right as a result of Indian efforts in the first world war. But outside this core plus India there was always a 'fringe' membership of the Imperial Conference.



The Irish Free State was there for a while, then withdrew. Newfoundland was there till 1934, when she could no longer be said to be self-governing. Southern Rhodesia and Burma, although they were not fully self-governing, sent 'observers' in the nineteen-thirties. The point was that the conference had originally been devised as a meeting-ground between Britain and her white Colonies overseas, and that, as other areas drew near to self-government, they came in too, if only to the fringe.

### Attendance as of Right

The position today is much the same. The countries which attend the conference as of right are Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. But first Southern Rhodesia and then the Central African Federation have been there on the fringe again. And when the Commonwealth Economic Conference was held in 1952—the only post-war one to be called a conference, but obviously a meeting too, since it issued a statement about the Queen's Style and Titles—new fringe countries appeared. Malaya, Nigeria, and Jamaica took part in the discussions on their own account and not through the mouth of the British Government. Strictly speaking, I suppose, there is immense difference between being at a Commonwealth conference as of right, and being invited in for the occasion. The latter position, on the fringe, is rather like that of a Minister who is not in the Cabinet but sometimes attends Cabinet meetings. But the fringe position is still there to provide a sort of intermediate status for countries which will later have full status.

How do they get that full status? There are no rules about it. In 1954 Sir Winston Churchill was questioned about why Sir Godfrey Huggins (now Lord Malvern) had been invited to represent the Central African Federation, when no one had been asked to come to the 1955 conference from the Gold Coast and Nigeria. From Sir Winston's answer it seemed clear that the invitation was sent to Sir Godfrey from the British Government but with the concurrence of the other Commonwealth prime ministers; and that the situation had been eased by the fact that Sir Godfrey had in fact attended more such conferences than any of the other prime ministers. So it looks as if Britain decides who will be on the list of members, but the members who have attended before have a veto on any new ones. I do not know if any such veto has been exercised, but I think we should have heard if it had been.

What it amounts to is this: the British Government does not suggest a new name until it is sure all the other governments will agree. But does the initiative lie with the British Government, or could India, for example, propose, say, Singapore as a guest next time? On the whole I think the initiative does lie with Britain, since all the prospective guests are British Colonies, under British sovereignty; in law they have no connection with India or Australia or Canada, and it would be an act of presumption by one Sovereign State towards another for India to propose Singapore until Singapore had ceased to be a British Colony.

It is this fact, it seems to me, that indicates one of the most important functions of the meetings of Commonwealth prime ministers; if you are invited there ('you' being a former Colony) it shows that you have now attained self-government and have equal status with other Sovereign States within the Commonwealth. If you are asked to a 'fringe' meeting it means that self-government will soon be yours. The whole thing is delicate; it proceeds without clearly laid-down rules; its logic can be shot full of holes; but so far it has worked.

### Three Kinds of Work Done

What does the conference do? In the formal sense, the answer is nothing: it has nothing to do but meet, no functions to perform but those of consultation. But in fact, if we look at the records of the conferences since 1946, we can see that they have done three kinds of things. They have settled certain pressing questions of status; they have agreed about policies on economic questions; and they have, to a remarkable extent, presented a united attitude on questions of peace and war. I cannot here describe these things in detail. But under the heading of status, it is worth remembering that the Prime Ministers' Conference was the body that proclaimed the means by which a republic might remain a member of the Commonwealth. Given the peculiar kind of thing the Commonwealth is, no other way could have been found of enunciating the fact. An Act of the British Parliament would not have done; an Act of the Indian Parliament would not have done either. Perhaps identical Acts passed by all the Commonwealth Parliaments would have done. I am not sure of the legal position. But politically

there is no doubt that the deft and unanimous way in which the thing was done by the Prime Ministers' Conference showed the special merits of that body; it caught the imagination of Indians and the citizens of other Commonwealth countries; and it illustrated, incidentally, the close link with past Imperial Conferences.

In the economic sphere the post-war conferences have done more to less effect than in any other. I do not mean to be unkind. But anyone who reads the ponderous platitudes of some of the conference *communiqués* about international economic questions, and compares them with events since they were issued, will see that the conferences have simply expressed the wishes and interests of the members, so far as those are common, and waited for the United States to do the rest. It has not done it; and that has been that. But there is another side to the medal. While it is true that the economic prescriptions which the prime ministers have issued to the world have not been taken, the fact that they were able to issue these prescriptions, and apparently able to do something domestically along the anti-inflation lines recommended in their *communiqués*, has meant continued confidence in the sterling area and a survival of that strange institution which has no other body to speak for it except the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers. In this instance the value of the conference has lain simply in being; doing has been of much less account.

But perhaps the greatest point of interest lies in the conferences' efforts since 1946 in the field of foreign affairs. In this period every Commonwealth country has developed its own foreign policy, which it has followed through vigorously. That would suggest great diversity in approach, and the impossibility of arriving at a common attitude. But every Commonwealth country's policy has included an inarticulate premise which may be framed like this: 'there must be no major war in Asia'. The conferences of 1951, 1953, and 1955 were all able to agree about this, and state their views accordingly. The phrase that Kipling applied to the British Empire in an earlier period, 'ties of common funk', was applicable to the vastly different Commonwealth of the early nineteen-fifties. So long as it continues to be applicable, the prime ministers will find things to agree about in their foreign attitudes, if not in their foreign policy. The difference I am implying is something like this: you can agree with someone else in a common attitude of wishing something will not take place; you can disagree about the policy you should adopt in trying to prevent it from doing so. The value of a prime ministers' conference is that it allows unity of attitude to override differences of policy. If there were major differences of attitude, that might mean the end of the Commonwealth in its present form.

### A Failure

Perhaps I should add something here about one thing which the conferences tried to do but failed in. That is the settlement of disputes between members, which means, in practice, Kashmir. The 1951 conference did discuss Kashmir, but unofficially, in Mr. Menzies' room at the Savoy Hotel, and without the help of South Africa. This all came to nothing, for one good and sufficient reason: the Commonwealth cannot discipline or coerce a member. It is fairly clear that some procedure about settling the Kashmir question could have been agreed on by everyone but India. Since India would not agree, there was no more to be done. It is not just a matter of the prime ministers not wishing to discipline a member; they would not be able to do so. And since then they have left Kashmir alone. Similarly, they no longer try to suggest that there should be a common defence policy amongst themselves, but break up instead into groups of those who want a common policy amongst themselves and those who do not.

I now come to my last point about a Commonwealth conference, a question which ought to help us most to grasp its nature: what is it like? The answer, I suppose, is: like nothing on earth. It is not like the United Nations: it has no powers such as the General Assembly and the Security Council are supposed to possess, and no secretariat of its own. It is not like a conference of the Organisation of American States: that has a written constitution, which no one has yet provided for a Commonwealth conference. It is not like the sort of conference held when the British Government discusses with Nigerians or Jamaicans about their future constitution: on those occasions the British Government is, when all is said and done, a sovereign dealing with its subjects, whereas at a Commonwealth conference the British Government is one amongst equals—in status, if not in power. It is not like a meeting of Nato or Seato: no common military policy is now contemplated by the members as a whole. It is a body of men without functions or powers or



staff or soldiers. Yet they are men of importance, and together they make a fairly formidable array; and they continue to come together because they consider it to their mutual advantage to do so.

Mr. Nehru has called the Commonwealth 'a co-operative association which may do good'; and that is how the prime ministers view it, though some want it to be more co-operative than others, and some may be more sanguine about the good it can do than others are. These men owe little to one another, and are all ranged in other international associations of differing character in addition to the Commonwealth. Yet internationally they found the Commonwealth conference a suitable means of conveying their joint concern over Korea and Formosa, and they evidently consider that the joint pressure they can bring to bear is greater than they can bring separately.

So they continue to meet; and the conference, as it has evolved out of the more formal Imperial Conference, is an excellent instrument for their purpose. It is casual in occurrence, informal in operation, consulta-

tive rather than executive; yet it means for the smaller Commonwealth countries a chance to talk on equal terms with the bigger ones, and it means a welcome change from the playing to the gallery that the prime ministers have to go on with at other international gatherings. When they agree, they can do so with an air of agreeable surprise, like a man stumbling and uncovering a nugget of gold. They are not expected to agree, so they get all the more applause when they do agree.

The Commonwealth conference has, then, a good deal of practical value. But its principal significance is as a symbol. The Queen is the symbol of association between Commonwealth countries. But the conference is the practical symbol of Commonwealth achievement. A Colony's elected government knows that when it is firmly seated at the Commonwealth conference, as of right, its independence will be truly won. To have a conference, a place where people talk informally about their common problems, as the thing you are aiming at is not a bad thing, considering the objectives some nationalist movements have had.

—Third Programme

## Marshal Tito and the Kremlin

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

**W**HAT I personally was waiting with most interest to see in the *communiqué* at the end of Marshal Tito's visit to Russia was how it might deal with Germany. The references to Germany in the declaration attached to the *communiqué* do in fact throw still further light on the progress of the new Soviet tactics, which consist of changing methods and appearances while holding rock firm to fundamental long-term aims. In the heyday of Marshal Tito's quarrel with the Kremlin, Yugoslavia, alone of the Communist Powers, had recognised the Government in Bonn and not the puppet Soviet regime in Pankau. Marshal Tito could hardly use a *communiqué* of this kind to accord actual diplomatic recognition to eastern Germany. But he has now gone about as far as he can to support the Soviet line on the problem of German unity: namely, no free elections, but negotiations between west and east Germany. I feel that this new alignment of Soviet-Yugoslav policies, on a basis of full Yugoslav equality, is characteristic of the realities behind all the Communist jargon of the *communiqué*.

What Mr. Khrushchev has done in his reconciliation with Marshal Tito is to compromise to an extent that would have been impossible for Stalin. For if Tito has gone some way to meet Khrushchev, Khrushchev has gone a good way in Tito's own direction. The essence of the new deal is that the Kremlin formally recognises the Yugoslav right to independence and to separate ideological—that is, Communist—thought. In return, Marshal Tito has freely underwritten much of Russia's new anti-western and anti-colonial campaign. This Soviet recognition of what, in a sense, we mean by 'Titoism' sets the seal on Mr. Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin at the twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. And it may add to the possible weakening of Soviet leadership both inside the Communist bloc and in Communist

Parties outside. But all this was really implicit in the fact that Marshal Tito was going to Moscow at all, and for Mr. Khrushchev it is certainly a calculated risk.

For us in the West, the combination of Marshal Tito's adherence to much of the Soviet position on international affairs and the new look in Communism itself has the widest implications. Some people may say that it will now be hard for Marshal Tito either to retain his special

ties with the West or to pursue his policy of neutralism, for instance, by friendship with Colonel Nasser and Mr. Nehru. But I do not think so. Tito is now in a better position than ever to go on with his existing policies, whatever name he gives them and whatever the motives behind them. And I think it suits the Kremlin that he should. I noticed with interest, for instance, that arrangements appear to have been made while Marshal Tito was actually in Russia, for both Colonel Nasser and Mr. Nehru to visit him together next month on his island retreat off the Dalmatian coast.

The Soviet reconciliation with Yugoslavia is a vital tool in Mr. Khrushchev's campaign of sapping and mining against the West.

To be precise, I think Moscow will now use Marshal Tito in two ways. The first is to encourage in other countries both neutralism and non-involvement. On neutralism, for instance, Egypt and India are to be shown by the Yugoslav example that complete independence of political doctrine and foreign policy can be combined with the closest co-operation with the Soviet Union over particular issues, especially now that Soviet policy itself has given a less harsh and rigid impression. This, it is hoped in Moscow, will even encourage individual members of the western alliance, such as Frenchmen or perhaps Italians or even Greeks (so angry over Cyprus), to think there is a middle way of non-involvement in Great Power politics. And here—for Moscow—the final prize is German public opinion.



The opening of the Soviet-Yugoslav talks in the Kremlin on June 5. Left, the Russians, with (foreground) Mr. Khrushchev, and on his left Mr. Bulganin; right, the Yugoslavs, with (foreground) Marshal Tito



Secondly, Moscow will use Yugoslavia to help curry favour with Democratic Socialists and other western moderates. Moscow's new fashions mean that western Communist Parties will dress in a respectable mixture of national and parliamentary colours. And although Mr. Khrushchev has taken the risk of losing actual Communist Party membership in the West by dethroning Stalin, he is much more interested in making the task of subversion easier for the hard core that remains. The present ferment in the Italian, French, and British Communist Parties will matter little if it leads to a greater influence through a successful 'united front' policy of co-operation—on the Continent with Social Democrats and in Britain with the left wing of the Labour Party. In western Germany, where the Communists themselves are

weak because so many Germans have actually experienced Soviet conditions, the new declaration of Tito's support for Russian policy is one more drip on the soft stone of Social Democrat opinion.

Admittedly it would be wrong not to recognise that the new personalities in the Kremlin may yet modify their long-term Communist aims. And we must never close the door on any possibility of genuine friendly coexistence. But the Khrushchev-Tito *communiqué* has done nothing to suggest any relaxation of Soviet effort—merely a change of method. And if in the process Mr. Khrushchev has now run off with some of Marshal Tito's clothes, then we in the West must keep our wits about us in order to see through his disguise.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

## How Can Inflation Be Halted?

By W. B. REDDAWAY

**A**MONGST my earliest contacts with inflation was a letter which my father received in 1924 from a German bank in which he had made a deposit of 1,000 marks. The letter ran something like this:

As a result of the currency reform, one new Mark is being issued in respect of every million million old Marks; as there is no coin in the new currency small enough to represent the amount standing to your credit, your account has been closed.

On that occasion there was no doubt as to the main sequence of cause and effect in the process of inflation. The German Government had been creating money with the deliberate intention of spending it on its ordinary purchases, and so was creating a situation of excess demand.

If we come now to our existing situation, the circumstances may look very different, but we have nevertheless had a situation of excess demand. This has not been produced by the wholesale creation of new money: far from it. The latest figures show that as a result of the credit squeeze the total money supply in the country was some 3 per cent. less than a year ago. Nor has the situation been produced by a Budget deficit, such as the German Government had in 1923: far from it. Mr. Macmillan reported a surplus of several hundred million pounds for the year 1955-56. Indeed, our present situation is a good illustration of the sad fact that a country can suffer from excess demand without anybody or any institution having done anything which one would naturally regard as 'disreputable' or 'reprehensible'.

How, then, could such a situation arise? Briefly, and rather dogmatically, it has arisen because the amount which industrialists wanted to spend on new factories, new machinery, additional work-in-progress, and other capital items rose sharply, without any other type of demand showing a compensating fall.

This explanation may seem a little puzzling to some people. If the total amount of money was actually reduced, where did the money come from to pay for the machines? Why was there not a compensating fall in demand somewhere else? Indeed, as the total output of goods and services rose, and prices rose too, why was there not an actual shortage of money? That takes us to a big subject, but a partial answer is not difficult. When the credit squeeze started, many of the country's businesses had sizeable balances at the bank which they could run down if the needs of their business should require it. The credit squeeze, coming at a time when business prospects seemed good, has squeezed these balances into more vigorous action, instead of squeezing demand into line with supply. To take one example: the business man who was in debt to his bank, and who was told to reduce his overdraft, did not wish to curtail his purchases when demand was good, so instead he delayed payment for his supplies—after all, many trades give the purchaser the option of three months' credit or a discount for cash, so that there was no need even for negotiation. His overdraft could thus be reduced without any contraction in his business activities, and if the supplier had previously had a substantial positive balance he, too, could carry on without any contraction in his activities.

This example may seem a little theoretical and over-simplified, but there is no doubt that British business not only did carry on but also expanded its outlays, despite the squeeze: the *Economic Survey* tells us that companies alone increased the value of their stocks during 1955

by nearly £600,000,000—the highest figure since 1951—and they also spent some £950,000,000 on fixed capital—easily the highest figure on record.

To understand our present sort of inflation, therefore, and still more to tackle it, one must look further than the simple quantity of money. If the urge to spend on capital account is strong, it can overcome a good deal of financial squeezing. Is the problem then insoluble? Before attempting to answer this, let us first examine the main consequences of inflation.

Let me say firmly that it does not imply that we are doomed to some awful catastrophe, such as the Germans suffered in 1923. The country is enjoying a perfectly genuine period of prosperity, such as it has never had before. Output, consumption, capital creation, exports—all are at record levels in real terms, not merely in paper pounds. However much each one of us may feel that his income is being left behind by the rise in prices, an enormous number of us must be doing well enough to buy the television sets, the cars, the food, and even the private education which are all being supplied in record quantities.

Excess demand does, however, have two evil consequences, both of which spring from the shortages which it tends to create. First, it attracts imports to our markets, and keeps in this country goods which might have been exported; this may reduce a serious internal shortage, and we must be thankful, for example, that we could draw steel from the world market last year to prevent our engineering industry from being held up; but the process obviously makes for trouble in our balance of payments, and clearly we cannot allow our gold reserves to run down indefinitely.

Secondly, the resultant seller's market makes price increases easy, and this is true of wages as well as prices; and even if there is no new collective bargain many employers will offer wages above the standard rate to attract labour. The resultant rise in costs gives a second reason why our balance of payments may suffer: not only is demand in our market too active—which can perhaps be cured by measures to reduce demand—but our costs and our price-quotations may have become insufficiently competitive. And that is much harder to reverse, at least without a devaluation, and becomes progressively more serious the longer the inflation goes on—unless, of course, other countries are doing the same thing.

I will now return to the question whether the Government's actions are more likely to bring inflation to a halt in 1956 or 1957 than they were in 1955. My own view is that the Government's actions are likely to remove the excess demand in the relatively near future, and that this should put our balance of payments at least temporarily on a reasonable basis. But I am much less optimistic about the chance of ending the rise in prices.

My belief that the excess demand will be removed rests on two facts. First, the Government has taken a great deal of action to reduce the level of capital outlay, but the effect of this has not yet become apparent, because it is of the kind which can produce results only after a certain time-lag. In particular, it can have almost no influence on schemes where the construction has actually started, and relatively little on those for which preparations had been made and perhaps orders placed: during 1954 and a good part of 1955 the number of schemes in that



state was built up to a formidable total, and even if the Government's measures had cut off all inflow of new schemes it would be some time before the amount of activity would be brought to a more manageable scale. Secondly, however, the actions have not only been continued, they have recently been intensified. In February, for example, the stimulus to capital expenditure by industry was reduced by ending the system of investment allowances, and most of the measures to stimulate saving announced in the Budget are still not operative—notably the tax concession to self-employed people who take out pension policies.

In brief, we need not despair at the lack of headway to date: excess demand should fairly soon begin to be overcome by the increasingly powerful combined effect of all the different measures which have been taken either to moderate capital expenditure or to stimulate saving. This should reduce the demand for imports, especially as our own capacity is steadily increasing in such key items as steel; and it should also stimulate industry to seek more vigorously for export markets, quoting shorter delivery dates and prices which are not inflated by excessive overtime. Even if our costs have meanwhile been raised by wage increases, our balance of payments should improve.

Why, then, should the rise in prices continue? In brief, because the end of excess demand will not mean the end of pressures for higher incomes by all sorts of organised bodies which can exert some degree of monopoly power. The trade unions have the most important quantitative effect, but the same principle applies wherever monopoly power can be exerted. These pressures will be more strongly resisted if the employers are finding markets less favourable, and some commentators argue that sufficiently firm action to remove excess demand will automatically end the rise in prices. I do not believe that one can logically either prove or disprove this proposition, because it depends ultimately on uncertain human reactions, and indeed on the still more uncertain reactions of organised groups. But to my mind we can never be sure of getting a monopolist to do the 'right' thing simply by strengthening or

weakening the demand in his market. In principle the Government could go on reducing effective demand until the trade unions, etc., stopped pushing prices up from the cost side. But the habit of a substantial wage-claim at least once a year has become strongly entrenched, and I would not like to recommend such a ruthless policy or to predict how far it would have to be carried to make it effective.

What is certain is that the present 'round' of wage-increases of about 7 or 8 per cent. will have to be reflected in considerable price increases, even though these may average rather less. If the nationalised industries, for example, were simply to peg their prices and pay the higher wages by borrowing, they would be re-creating excess demand just when the Government was laboriously removing it. Real output per head is not rising by 8 per cent. a year, and nor can real incomes. But these price increases will almost certainly serve as one of the reasons for the next set of wage claims.

The most important thing to do is to get rid of excess demand; without that no amount of exhortation in favour of 'restraint' and 'moderation' will do any real good. The Government has tackled this part of the problem by a combination of measures which may not be ideal, but is likely to be increasingly effective. Secondly, however, we live in an economy in which most prices are largely influenced by monopolistic forces, and in most cases we are not in fact going to break these sectional monopolies, or even effectively curb them. The Government can influence the process of wage—and price—fixing indirectly by operating on the level of aggregate demand; but it would be unlikely to obtain support for a policy of making trade conditions so bad as to break the seventeen-year price-wage spiral in 1956, or even in 1957. The alternative policy of explaining to all concerned the subsequences of making excessive use of monopoly power, and so trying to build up an informed public opinion, may be more helpful in the long run, provided always—and this is the key point—that it is used as an adjunct to a policy of removing excess demand, and not as a substitute for it.—*Home Service*

## Looking for a Lead in Civil Aviation

By OLIVER STEWART

THE date of the Britannia's entry into regular air-line service has been postponed once too often, and now the British Overseas Airways Corporation, and indeed British aviation, is in real trouble. It is in danger of turning itself into a world of wonderful ideas with nothing much happening.

In order to meet the strong and strengthening competition from abroad—especially from the United States—B.O.A.C. have relied on two things: having the Britannia in service long before either of the new American jet driven air liners, and, having the Comet IV in service long before any other medium-range, medium-load, jet air liner.

But both these time intervals—the interval between the Britannia and Douglas and Boeing, and that between the Comet and its French competitor the Caravelle—have been drastically reduced. It is taking us too long in this country to bring our new-type aircraft into service. The Douglas and the Boeing are catching the Britannia. The Caravelle is catching the Comet. And, as successors to the Britannia and the Comet, we have nothing to offer except the statements of government officials.

If the long-range Britannia had preceded the first of the new American jets in service by two or three years, it might have helped B.O.A.C. to pay its way and to keep a hold on some of the long-range traffic. But the Britannia is going to be at least a year late. Speed in aviation is not only a matter of speed in the air; it is also a matter of speed in the conference chamber; in the design office; in the workshop.

Although the Britannia will be slower than the Douglas or the Boeing—200 miles an hour slower, in fact—it will, we are told, be more economical. But will B.O.A.C. be able to pass on the economy to travellers? There is such a thing as the International Air Transport Association, an association of aircraft operators whose main object in life seems to be to prevent any company offering a lower fare than any other company. It is an air transport price ring. If the Britannia

does indeed—and I think it will—prove much cheaper to run than the new American jets, B.O.A.C. may not be able to attract passengers by offering much lower fares. It may be allowed to offer slightly lower fares; but that is not enough. People who travel by air are obstinate. They go for speed first, last, and all the time. If they are to be coaxed away from faster aircraft, they must have not only lower fares but much lower fares; not only greater comfort, but much greater comfort.

The Britannia is the most comfortable aircraft I know. It is quiet and vibrationless. If it could only come into service well before the new United States jet machines, it would give B.O.A.C. a period of superiority which would help it commercially. But if the period is to be short, the Britannia will hardly begin to earn profits for B.O.A.C. before that corporation is swept out of long-haul business by the much faster American aircraft.

It is a grim situation. There are two possible ways of meeting it. Either British aircraft makers (the engine story is entirely different and I am not now concerned with it) should abandon all intention of making long-range, high-speed transport aircraft and concentrate on medium and short-range machines (like the highly successful Viscount) or else they should try to leap far forward into the future and to plan for the supersonic air liners of 1966—the machines that will be able to fly at speeds of 1,000 miles an hour and yet (by jet lift, blown flaps, boundary layer control and the rest of it), be able to use short runways for taking off and landing.

I am not going to say which course of action I personally favour. All I would say is that a declaration of policy—of aim—is urgently required. We are now muddled and confused in aviation. There must be a high-level government statement of aeronautical policy. Are we going to go for the long-range machines of ten years hence, are we going to concentrate on short-range machines? A lead is imperative.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Soviet policies

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Room with a View

NOW that B.B.C. television coverage (to use one of those horrid modern words) is virtually complete for the British Isles (93 per cent. is the exact statistic), a room with a view has acquired a different meaning from that which was accepted in the 'twenties. It is a striking and, perhaps, daunting thought that if one visits a family living either in Penzance or Kirk o' Shotts one can, and probably will, see the same picture of events happening elsewhere contemporaneously. We can welcome distinguished statesmen arriving at airports, attend crowded ceremonies in London parks, or perhaps pop over to Monte Carlo for the wedding of a prince and a film star. Wherever the room may be, we can all have the same view. Together with atomic energy, which may one day warm our houses and even our streets (and can certainly blow us to pieces), the drugs that give us a promise of living into an overripe old age, and air transport that may take us faster than light or sound, television is a modern miracle. Those of us who grumble about heavy taxation or the high cost of living tend to forget, and even be ungrateful for, the wonderful world in which we live.

Take a minor matter, the public interest in sport. Since the invention of the halfpenny newspaper (which now costs 2d. or more) national interest in sporting events, judged at least by the counting of heads, has progressively increased. Women who have never played cricket in their lives, men who at school regarded fielding at longstop for the fourth eleven as the dulllest of chores, work themselves periodically into fevers of excitement about Test matches, especially if they are played, as they are this year, against the Australians. The yearly dramas of Aintree and Epsom, of Wembley and Wimbledon, all have their devotees, and no room without a reliable view of them seems entirely worth while. It is one consoling feature in our lives of hectic change that during the twenty years since B.B.C. television services were established the popularity of viewing sport has remained a constant. From that exciting day when the whole of the Boat Race between the ancient universities became visible on a television screen, there is little or nothing that television has done better in the way of providing public amusement. Highly paid American entertainers are flown the Atlantic for the delectation of viewers, Eurovision takes us the round of foreign capitals, we can participate vicariously in parlour games without having to search for paper and pencil; nevertheless the sporting world is for many the most welcome visitor to the home and as long as the tea-caddy is full or bottled beer is in the refrigerator we can comfortably stay there, rooting for the side we fancy.

But as the summer sporting season reaches its climax, let us spare a thought of thanks not only to the innumerable organisers but also to the men and women who actually play these games for our delight as well as their own. We must have these sportsmen, or where will the viewers be? Let us also add a word of gratitude to the 'fans'. It is no use playing 'Hamlet' or Test cricket without an audience. Last week one heard people saying at Lord's 'my friend prefers watching Test matches on television'. But if everyone did that, there might be no Test matches left to watch. It is an ironical thought; but, after all, in this sphere—outside broadcasting—television can only communicate; it can hardly create. So, as we turn our knobs, let us think kindly of the enthusiasts who are less lazy than we are and have queued, pushed, shoved, munched sandwiches and suffered discomforts to watch our men and women of sport, and cheer them on.

THE TWO JOINT SOVIET-YUGOSLAV statements, issued at the conclusion of Marshal Tito's visit to the Soviet Union, received great publicity in Moscow, satellite, and Yugoslav broadcasts. The joint government statement spoke of 'a broad similarity of points of view' on the international situation: on Germany, there was agreement that direct negotiations were necessary between Federal and east Germany to bring about reunification. The joint statement about the relations between the two Communist Parties said that growing co-operation between them should be based on complete freedom and equality, and expressed the hope that it would be extended to 'socialist and other progressive movements throughout the world'.

After the announcement of the two agreements it was stated that President Voroshilov had accepted President Tito's invitation to visit Yugoslavia. Addressing a meeting at the Moscow Dynamo Stadium to mark the renewed friendship between the two countries, Mr. Khrushchev said that western countries had nothing to fear from the new friendship, which itself had contributed to an improvement in the world situation. Stressing that differences between communists and socialists must be bridged, he said the aim was to unite all workers' parties in the world. In his address, President Tito said that the new links with the Soviet Union did not affect Yugoslavia's desire to maintain friendly relations with other states. Although the paths of the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia were not identical, their aims were the same. A Moscow broadcast in Italian commented:

Not everything that is good for the Soviet Union can be valid for Yugoslavia or Italy, and *vice versa*. Identity of views on socialism does not preclude in any way the full autonomy of this or that country in problems of foreign or internal policy.

Many western commentators posed the question when the principle of 'autonomy' and of freedom for countries to choose their own roads to 'socialism' would be applied in practice to the satellite states of eastern Europe. Broadcasts from the satellite countries themselves hailed the Soviet-Yugoslav statements as 'the outstanding political event of the year'. A Hungarian broadcast saw in them 'a common platform which can be accepted by the government of any socialist state which seeks peaceful coexistence and large-scale economic and cultural contacts'. Tito's words that every 'people's democracy' was Yugoslavia's friend had been joyfully received in the 'people's democracies'.

A number of western commentators expressed the view that the Soviet leaders no doubt hoped to use Tito, with his many contacts with western socialists, as an instrument for promoting 'popular fronts', encouraging neutralism, and destroying Nato; while Tito, for his part, perhaps hoped to draw the satellite states away from Soviet domination. Some commentators speculated whether Tito was now closer to Mr. Khrushchev than was, for instance, Signor Togliatti. The criticisms of the present Soviet leaders by Togliatti, and by the left-Socialist leader, Nenni in Italy, and by communists in other western countries, led numerous western commentators to speculate on what would come out of the present confusion in the world communist camp. From France, *Les Echos* voiced a word of warning which came also from other sources—that the western communists' criticisms of the present Soviet leaders might be deliberate on Moscow's part as a manoeuvre to make these parties seem independent of Moscow and therefore more likely to foster alliance with the socialists. In the opinion of the Socialist *Le Populaire*, it is sheer mockery for the French Communists to maintain they were unacquainted with the facts revealed in the Khrushchev report on Stalin. From Sweden, the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* was quoted as saying:

East of the Iron Curtain there is no one to remind the present rulers of their disgusting paeans of praise for Stalin, but in countries having freedom of speech the Communists are daily forced to eat their words; and it is clear enough that the reappraisal of Stalin is causing confusion in the Communist ranks.

*Il Corriere della Sera* was quoted as saying that though it might be said that Stalin's rule was the tyranny of a homicidal maniac, while the present Soviet regime was the tyranny of reasonable men, it was still tyranny. And *Il Messaggero* said that if Togliatti's criticisms were taken to their logical conclusion, he should acknowledge that it was the Lenin-Stalin theory of proletarian dictatorship itself which was at fault: but to do this would be to deny communism itself.



# Did You Hear That?

## A GARDEN OF FLOWERING SHRUBS

TOM EDRIDGE spoke about the garden at Dartington Hall in 'House and Gardens' (West of England Home Service).

'You get the best general view of the garden from a seat, away by the upper and south-western boundary. This section round about the seat is recent, and in the irregularly shaped beds clustered about the lawn are the main plantings of herbaceous material, as distinct from flowering shrubs and trees elsewhere. They give an indication of what appears to have been the planting policy at Dartington, that is, not to fill the place with vast numbers of different species but rather to decide what are the best of a genus or group, and to go in for them in a liberal way. Almost invariably at least half a dozen of a particular species or variety of a shrub have been planted, so as to give large blocks of colour and avoid a patchwork appearance. Around this seat, for instance, are about 150 clumps of peony, growing up through twiggy sticks the better to defy the winds. In the rank behind them are massive delphiniums, or phlox, and finally modern michaelmas daisies—all in quantity and giving successive waves of colour. All these are interspersed with bushes of flowering crab and other shrubs. Through a wide gap in the protective hedge the eye can follow down the valley, where narcissi are naturalised in the long grass. In the middle distance the eye will be held by the colourings in the lower dell, before it passes on to the noble hall itself, 250 yards away, partly framed in trees.

'When I was there recently this dell blazed with scarlet azaleas and, above them, the coppery glow of Japanese maples; primulas and lilies follow. Still looking from the seat, on the left hand several paths lead through the camellia walk, where will also be found many of the more tree-like shrubs—cornels, magnolias, rhododendrons, viburnums—underplanted with cyclamen, anemones, and the like. Away to the right from the seat, across the

line, and beyond them a twelve-foot wall up to the level of the hall itself. Near the reclining figure is the great flight of stone steps flanked by beds of heathers, and junipers, above which rise taller magnolias. Then a curving path leads across the bottom of the valley up steps past another rock garden to the level of the hall itself.

'To my way of thinking there is not the slightest incongruity in this splendid example of a twentieth-century, largely informal garden, based



The grounds of Dartington Hall, Devon, with (left foreground) a 'Reclining Figure' by Henry Moore, and (background) the 'Twelve Apostles'. Below: a closer view of the 'Reclining Figure'



drive, is the long, double border mainly of groups of flowering shrubs which prefer less shade than camellias and rhododendrons—the old-fashioned roses, hypericums, berberis, brooms, and so forth. A wide, irregularly shaped lawn forms a glade between these borders and leads down to the Henry Moore figure close to the line of ancient chestnut trees.

'Here one looks towards the house, down to, and across, the old tilting yard, now actually a lawn with six parallel terraces for spectators on the near side. The site has been used until recently as an open-air theatre. Beyond are the 'Twelve Apostles', splendid Irish yews in a

upon flowering shrubs, and the house with its air of the romantic aspect of medieval days—not the only aspect, I know: I see the two as equals; the one a perfect setting for the other'.

## THE RECORD OFFICE MUSEUM

One of the most important but probably one of the least-known museums in London is that of the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. Not a great many people used to visit it, and about four years ago it was closed for reasons of economy. Human nature being what it is, there were people who then decided that of all the museums in London this was the one they would like to see most, and some people wrote letters of protest to the newspapers. Now the museum is being opened again, and RAY COLLEY, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel':

'The documents, books, maps, sketches, everything in the museum, were always of great interest; now that interest is enhanced because in modern show-cases they are free from the monstrosity of Victorian ornateness and can be seen easily. For instance, the outstanding exhibit, volumes of the Domesday Book, is housed in two fire- and burglar-proof bronze-and-steel cases which cost more than £1,000.

'On the opposite side of the room you can see a document, shown for the first time, which bears the signature of Karl Marx. It is a list of shareholders in a body called the Industrial Newspaper Company, Ltd., dated September 23, 1865. Marx wrote his address as Modena Villa, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, Middlesex, and added the words "Doctor of Philosophy". The document shows that he held five shares in the capital of the company.

'Most important of the new exhibits is a model of Magna Carta signed by Henry III on February 11, 1225. This is the final and definitive form of the charter signed by King John and the Barons in the



meadow between Staines and Runnymede on June 15, 1215. Another new document is a communication from Oliver Cromwell to Praise-God Bare-bones. A household account book, checked and signed by Elizabeth of York, Henry VII's Queen, shows an entry which starts: "Item for six yards of black velvet for a gown for the Queen". It goes on to give the price as 9s. 8d. a yard and the total as 62s. 10d., which is 4s. 10d. too much. The Queen passed this error, but then Roman numerals are not the easiest things to multiply, and multiplication itself was a comparatively unfamiliar art in those days'.

## POSTMAN BITES DOG?

'Inscribed on the façades of many American post offices', said DOUGLAS WILLIS in 'Radio Newsreel', 'are these words from Herodotus: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor the gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift accomplishment of their appointed routes". However, when Herodotus wrote this in 430 B.C. he had not thought of dogs, who last year bit nearly 6,000 American postmen so severely that they had to be given time off to recover.

'The department is now going to try a number of new weapons, ranging from a chemical dog-repellant to what it calls built-in protection at vulnerable places on the postman's uniform. The chemical industry has been asked to provide the repellent and the clothing industry is thinking along the lines of leggings made of wire mesh, something like those used by hunters to prevent snake bites. However, it has already been pointed out that these might slow down the postman on his rounds. Another suggestion is that the postman might be armed with a water gun filled with a mild solution of ammonia. This has already been tried out, but it was found that while the ammonia did not harm the dogs it upset their owners.

'Dog psychologists have been consulted and have recommended that a dog should be looked straight in the eye: the postman should stand still and on no account back away. If the dog should continue to advance, the postman should then speak in a low, commanding voice and tell the dog to go away. If this does not work, the postman is recommended to take off his hat and place it over his face. The reason for this is that even a vicious dog, it is said, becomes a coward when there is something suspicious about a person's appearance which the dog does not understand.

'The post office found that in 72 per cent. of all cases of bitten postmen the dog struck below the knee, and the department is now considering sewing metal sheets into the postman's trousers. In Sacramento, California, the local post offices decided that the best protection against a vicious dog was a bigger dog, and encouraged its postmen to make friends with the biggest dog in the neighbourhood and take it along with them as a bodyguard. The post office in Washington thought for a short moment that it might issue large guard-dogs to all its postmen, but dismissed the idea as being too expensive'.

## HENRY VIII'S FIRST MISTRESS

'Just beyond Bewdley', said MARJORIE HAWLEY in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'on the edge of Wyre Forest lies tucked away the little village of Kinlet. The church and Hall stand aloof from it high on the hillside, half a mile away. At Kinlet Hall, in about 1500, Elizabeth Blount was born. In those days Kinlet was a far busier place than it is today. Nowadays it is quiet and remote but in Tudor times when the Blounts held the hereditary office of Steward of the Royal Manor of Bewdley there was much coming and going between Kinlet, Tickenhill Palace at Bewdley, and Ludlow Castle, especially when the court was held there.

'It was when Catherine of Aragon came to Ludlow as Prince Arthur's bride that the tiny Elizabeth Blount was first presented to her, and a few years after Catherine's second marriage, to Henry VIII, she was called to court to become one of her maids-in-waiting; she was then only twelve years of age. I first became interested in the story of Elizabeth when I came across her name in Hall's Chronicle:

'You shall understand [wrote Hall] the King in his freshe youthe was in the cheynes of love with a faire damosell called Elizabeth Blount, which damosell in syngyng, daunsyng and all goodly pastymes exceeded all other . . . she wan the Kynges harte; and again shewed hym suche favour that by hym she bare a goodly manne-childe, of beautie like to the father and mother. . . .

'This quaint reference to Henry's first mistress and another son (I had always thought Edward VI was Henry's only son) led me to find out all I could about them both. In state papers, letters and old chronicles "the mother of the Kynges Sonne" is frequently mentioned, so it was possible to piece together their interesting story.

'At the time of Elizabeth's liaison with the King he was a very different person from the gross, debauched creature he later became. The Venetian Ambassador called him the handsomest potentate he ever set eyes on. Elizabeth Blount, ten years younger than the King, was "eloquent, gracious and beautiful". Her family, as the names implies, was noted for its blondness and hers was the fair type of English beauty so much admired at the time.

'Unfortunately, though she must have been painted many times, no portrait of her has survived and that was why I went to Kinlet, for in the church, on the handsome alabaster tomb of her parents, she is portrayed along with her five sisters and five brothers. Just a tiny effigy in bas relief at the base of the tomb. She is second in the row of six daughters, her Tudor dress is slightly different from the rest—more the *haute couture* of the day—whilst the sculptor has made her a little taller as if to show her greater fame and position.

'In the summer of 1519, Elizabeth gave birth to the King's son. How proud Henry must have been! Ever since his marriage to Catherine he had longed for a son, but by now he had given up hope of a legitimate heir. On little Henry Fitzroy, his bastard son, he showered his affection. "He loves him like his own soul" said a contemporary writer. He decided to bring him up as a prince and when the child was six years old he took him from his mother's care and placed him under Wolsey's guardianship.

'During her son's lifetime Elizabeth married twice, first Lord Tailbois and at his death Lord Clinton. She died four years after her eldest son; she was only forty. She had spent most of her married life at Kyme Castle in Lincolnshire (now a ruin) and her first husband was buried in the church there, but there is no monument to her'.

## WALKING IN DEVON

'A gentleman from London was making holiday in Devon', said A. J. COLES in a West of England Home Service talk, 'and every day would take a long walk. Never mind which direction it was all beautiful. One day, however, he had taken a longer journey than usual, and it was getting on towards the dimmits (twilight, to foreigners). He was getting anxious as to whether he would reach the small town he was making for before it got too dark to see. Observing an old countryman just inside a field he addressed him over the gate.

"Excuse me. How long will it take me to get to Witheridge?" "Walk". "Yes, I know. How long will it take me?" "Walk". "That's what I'm going to do. But how long will it take me to walk?" "Walk". Deeming the old fellow to be either deaf or daft the visitor pursued the way he had been going before. He had only walked a few yards when the other called after him: "About a hour and a half". "Why couldn't you tell me that before?" "Well, how could I tell how long 'twould take 'ee till I zeed how fast you was gwain to walk?"

'A day or two later the visitor lost his way. Emerging from a long country lane into the turnpike (main road) he turned left and after proceeding a short distance met a village postman, of whom he asked, "How far is it to South Molton, please?" "Well, zur, if 'tis right what they larned me when I went to skule, if you keeps on gwain the zame as you be now, yer-from to South Molton would be a matter of —aw—twenty thousand mile. But if you was to turn around and go t'other way, 'twould be a mile and a half".





## Aspects of Africa

The Dutch Reformed Church and *Apartheid*

B. B. KEET gives the second of two talks

THE shape of my talk on the attitude of the Dutch Reformed Church to *apartheid* in South Africa will necessarily be determined by the position I have taken up, together with some others, in opposition to the view propounded and defended by the great majority of our church leaders. That implies that I shall have to point out what I regard to be fallacies and errors in the theoretical grounds that are brought forward in defence of what has been our traditional attitude for more than 300 years. In practice there is not much difference in the way we all appraise the actual situation; but what has really alarmed me and my friends is the fact that an attempt is now being made to base on scriptural teaching a policy which up to the present has simply been accepted without any thought of biblical justification, the effect of which will be that this policy will be fixed for all time as the only policy that can meet the situation in South Africa.

Let me say at once that the more intensive study of scriptural teaching on race relationships, initiated by the Federal Council of Dutch Reformed Churches, a council which embraces all the Dutch Reformed Churches of the Union, shows welcome signs of a saner and truer interpretation of the biblical witness than anything that has gone before. It is only fair to note also that, with the exception of the Dutch Reformed Church of the Cape Province, there has hitherto been no official declaration that the policy of *apartheid* is based on Scripture. But however true that may be, those views have constantly been promulgated and propagated by leaders in all the provincial churches, so that it would be in accordance with the facts to say that the greater part of the ministers as well as the members of our Church are committed to this interpretation.

## A Matter of Terminology

It is, however, not accepted in this crude form; the blow is softened by the simple device of altering the terms used: protagonists of *apartheid* now prefer to speak of 'the self-contained development of the non-whites along their own lines'. This matter of the terminology used has given rise to difficulties in the past, too. The term *apartheid* itself, not so very long ago, came to oust the term 'segregation' because the former was supposed to be of a more positive content. All of which does not change the fact in the least that when we speak of *apartheid* we do mean segregation as it is practised in the Church, in the state, and in society as a whole. And similarly 'development along their own lines' means essentially the same as *apartheid*. One could aptly parody the familiar line of Shakespeare as an annotation: a lemon by any other name would taste as sour.

Having regard to the fact that these biblical grounds are still being explored, I think it would be unwise in a talk like this to enter upon a detailed discussion of the methods employed in the past. I do not propose here to quote and refute interpretations of Old and New Testament passages, but to state as fairly as possible the attitude of our Church to *apartheid*, and my objections to this attitude.

Historically it may be said that before the middle of the nineteenth century the Dutch Reformed Church made no distinction between black and white as far as its membership was concerned. In 1857, however, as a result of difficulties which arose in several congregations of mixed membership the Synod decided that separate organisation of Cape Coloured and European congregations would be tolerated owing to the weakness of some who found it difficult to attend the same services and sit at the same communion table as the Coloured people. The lack of any scriptural grounds for this separation was acknowledged, but rather than have to meet the many practical difficulties this concession was made. Many years later, in 1881, the Cape Coloured Mission Church was established, a Church with the same language, creed, ecclesiastical polity and liturgy as those of the European Church, but organised in separate congregations, presbyteries, and synod, and enjoying virtual independence although it was and still is dependent on the Mother Church spiritually and financially. The development of this Church has admittedly been very striking, and at the present time

the measure of its influence among the Coloured constituency which it serves can bear comparison with that of the European Church among its own people. Supporters of *apartheid* in the Church point with pride to the excellent results that have accrued from the separation that took place so many years ago. They contend, with some reason, that the Coloured Christians would never have developed such a sense of self-reliance and responsibility had they not been allowed to have their own Church; along these lines only could they be thrown on their own resources, develop leadership, and enjoy free growth.

## No Equality

Such a utilitarian justification of a development which is basically wrong does not solve our problem. It may be asked: why could the Coloured members not come into their own in a European Church? The obvious answer is: because they were not allowed to. Colour feeling and colour prejudice precluded the white man from accepting an inferior position or being governed by the Coloured man. The same difficulty has survived to the present day in the Mission Church which is served by white and Coloured ministers; there is no equality—the Coloured pastor is subjected to all kinds of limitations that do not depend on his ability but on his status as Coloured minister.

The pitfalls of this utilitarian approach become evident when one notes the effect it has on the interpretation of the gospel. What, under our peculiar circumstances, proved to produce a good practical result, the lesser of two evils, so to speak, now becomes a principle, and the Bible is searched to find the evidence for this principle. But even from the purely practical point of view it must be recognised that the good can often be the enemy of the best. Hence the necessity of not compromising on the principle but keeping it pure, and making that the measure of our practice and not *vice versa*. The study of the Bible can lead to only one result: that the Gospel nowhere draws lines of division or raises walls of partition between me and my neighbour but binds me to him in every way. We are taught to love God and our neighbour of whatever class, culture, or colour he may be. Accordingly the good results that have come from our traditional policy of *apartheid* in the Church cannot close our eyes to the fundamental wrongness of this policy when it is regarded as permanent. The only ground upon which it can be defended is the same as that which actuated the Church leaders of 1857, that is the weakness of so many who are unable to overcome their racial and colour prejudices. That is the stark reality with which we have to do and which we cannot ignore without introducing a greater evil, namely losing all that we have gained so far. But our endeavours as a Christian Church must always be to labour without ceasing for the removal of those prejudices and work for the unity of the Christian Church in its outward as well as in its inward spiritual existence. On the basis of permanent *apartheid* these divisions will never be overcome when, to be sure, they are not seen for what they are but are understood or supposed to be necessary concomitants of the visible Church.

## Simple Fallacy

At the root of *apartheid's* confused thinking there lies a simple fallacy. A close study of the expositions of some of our churchmen soon makes it evident that they confuse the idea of diversity with that of division or segregation. All the emphasis is laid on the diversity of nations, cultures, languages, and countries, and the conclusion is drawn that God willed us to be separate or apart. Not that the unity of the human race is altogether denied, but it is regarded only as a spiritual unity or as an ideal which cannot be expected to find its realisation in the present age. It is forgotten that a spiritual unity which finds no expression in reality, however imperfect, cannot be a unity in any sense; and that the diversities, which are an essential part of the unity, become centres of dissolution when they are regarded as divisions.

The supporters of ecclesiastical *apartheid* are not averse to all communion with the separated Churches. On the contrary, they like to speak



of 'contacts that have to be made' and 'bridges that have to be built', but obviously these are not the natural outcome of their principles, as it should be, but they are felt to be necessary in spite of the principles from which they proceed. The effect in practice proves this. It is so easily assumed that even the occasional presence of members of the non-white race in European church services is an anomaly. The general attitude is expressed thus: 'They have their own Church—why have they to come to us?' It stands to reason that *apartheid* on principle must lead to greater *apartheid* and that all attempts to build bridges are bound to fail.

### United Front

It may seem strange when discussing the standpoint of our Church to speak of political *apartheid* but the fact is that our Church has definitely taken a political stand and declared itself for a definite political policy, namely total *apartheid*, which includes political, economic, and territorial segregation. In the educational field it means that the non-whites have to be prepared for that eventuality; their education must be in accordance with their own peculiar national characteristics so as to ensure that they will not become imitation-Europeans. And it must fit them for the tasks they have to perform among the whites where they remain strangers in a strange land. This policy has been consistently propagated on the academic front by the South African Bureau for Racial Affairs (or Sabra, as it is called), so that one can safely say that the Dutch Reformed Church and Sabra present a united front in their approach to racial matters in South Africa.

The position of Sabra as distinguished from the current policy of the Government is that the only equitable solution of the race problem lies in total segregation. Sabra is keenly aware of the fact that in the present total situation there must of necessity be discrimination or an unequal distribution of rights and privileges, and is desirous of giving the non-whites an opportunity to shake off the intolerable pressure of the whites. Therefore they must have their own territory where they can work out their salvation away from the whites. The partition of territory must be fair so that they shall have every facility to develop along their own lines and to the limit of their capacity. That does not mean that all contact between European and non-European will be entirely wanting; on the contrary, for a long time the non-whites will need the assistance and the leadership of the white man, which will doubtless be willingly given. But it does mean, Sabra believes, that they will be free from interference to develop along their own lines until they reach their ultimate destiny, which is the possession of their own state or states claiming their rightful place among the civilised nations of the world.

Sabra realises that on the part of the whites total segregation will mean a radical change in their whole mode of life. They will have to roll up their sleeves and do their own work, be less dependent on the labour of non-whites in primary and secondary industry, and even do the more unpleasant tasks that are necessary in every community. They will be called upon to make great material sacrifices but will be compensated by the thought that this is the only way in which peace can be attained and a fair deal be given to the non-whites.

How vast those sacrifices will have to be can be imagined when one begins to examine the practicability of total *apartheid*. We need have no doubt at all that the non-whites will have the worst of the bargain unless a deed of the most heroic self-sacrifice on the part of the whites takes place, in comparison with which the exhortation to self-help will be mere child's play. It strikes one that there has never been an indication yet of how this just partition will look like on a map. It is generally assumed that the reserves and the protectorates will allow sufficient room for the non-whites, but having regard to the millions that are there already and the other millions that have to be removed from the white areas, this seems to be a very bold assumption. The protagonists of territorial segregation are themselves gradually beginning to realise that the problem of partition cannot be solved without the co-operation of the other European powers in the whole of southern Africa. It is forgotten, however, that our policy differs so widely from that of the colonial powers on our boundaries that there seems to be little hope of co-operation. The unwillingness of the British Government to hand over the protectorates (to which we have a genuine claim) is sufficient proof of the trend.

Meanwhile segregation measures are taken to ensure that the economy of the country shall not be disrupted; migrant labour, with all its attendant evils, remains a necessity, and those who live

among the whites are treated as subordinates without any rights and privileges in the land of their birth. Is it surprising therefore there should be a growing feeling of frustration and enmity among those who are simply regarded as pawns in the game? At any rate, I know of no enlightened leader of the coloured races who has accepted this idea with the least bit of enthusiasm. If he does cherish the idea it may well be that he looks for ultimate revenge or, in the case of certain chiefs, that he sees in it the means whereby he can retain his position of power. For the future of white civilisation in South Africa, it appears to me the way of total *apartheid* is the most dangerous because we shall ourselves be creating the conditions that make friendly relations most difficult.

But apart from all these practical considerations, on which there always will be differences of opinion, the fundamental question is: Can such a solution of the problem be reconciled with our Christian faith? The answer is not far to seek. How easily we rationalise when we deal with situations in which colour prejudice plays the major role! When it concerns the relation between Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking in our country, nobody but a few fanatics would think of proposing that for the sake of peace there should be a division and each group form its own state. But when it concerns the relation of Europeans to non-Europeans we glibly talk of the uprooting and displacement of millions of non-Europeans in order to establish an independent Bantustan which will then, presumably, live at peace with us. Whether this process will be spread out over a century or whether it happens suddenly will make no great difference; the uprooting and displacement will be equally real, with all the human misery and the hatred that will accompany it. Such compulsory national migrations, conceivable only in totalitarian states like Russia, can never be reconciled with the Christian religion.

My solution, therefore, if it can be called such, is that our traditional policy of *apartheid* must be seen for what it is: a temporary measure to ensure that our spiritual and cultural possessions, acquired by a process of centuries of development, should not be jeopardised by a theory of equality that can only mean the loss of all that we have fought for; but that the door must be left open to all non-whites who emerge from the state of barbarism to take their part in the service of our country, to which, after all, they have the same claim as we have. It is therefore not a question of colour but of culture and, moreover, not one of *apartheid* or amalgamation, but one of *apartheid* or collaboration, in which each group member retains its peculiar characteristics, thus bringing a real contribution to the whole. How this collaboration must be brought about is the concern of our statesmen. If they would take it, they have a unique opportunity to lead the world in its search for a human and Christian solution of race problems.—*Third Programme*

## Summer Amnesty

Once again we live in a whole landscape.  
The grass has grown its height, this year's ivy  
Made its full progress round the ruined wall:  
The lily leaf has rooted in the water.

And difficult indeed now to remember  
The dull face of the man to be shot at dawn  
Against a wall behind a foreign city  
When we scarcely can recall the smell of the street  
In the nearby country town.

June in England—

While in a calm sea still magnificent  
A liner burns all day in an indigo sky;  
Fish in the reedy stream  
While miles away oil on the water shows  
Where rooms of people sank without a sound.

And out there, maybe, on the Menin Road  
Each Summer foliage is asserting now  
To whom the land belongs. I do not know  
What once lay under ground I lie upon  
But no voice from the cool grass cries out 'murder'.  
The eye of the sun views everything but we,  
Seeing the sun, can have one shadow only.

JENNY JOSEPH



# I Remember . . .

By LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER

**I** REMEMBER . . . so much worth-while remembering—or so at least it seems to me. But one of the most vivid patches in my whole kaleidoscope of memory is of those years before the first world war, which began for me with the experience of becoming—quite suddenly—‘grown-up’. That was a thing which, in those days, happened instantaneously, overnight. One day one was a child immured in a schoolroom on a top-floor—a pig-tail down one’s back, short skirts which barely cleared the knee—a child rarely seen and never heard. Next day the chrysalis of childhood was abruptly broken and discarded. Down went one’s skirts, up went one’s hair. And with it, up went the curtain on the world. And what a world! I loved it at first sight—and plunged into it head foremost. There was no ice to break—the water was warm—and I was swimming.

I had always had an insatiable love of people—and the world was full of people of all kinds—the great, the humble, the famous, the obscure, the dazzling and the dull. In those days the pageant of London Society took place year after year in its traditional setting. The great houses—Devonshire, Dorchester, Stafford, and Lansdowne House—had not yet been turned into museums, skating-rinks, and flats, and there I danced through the long summer nights till dawn, and drove home, heavily chaperoned, in a four-wheeler with my feet in the straw and my head among the stars.

## Exciting Arena of Politics

And then my lot happened to have been cast in that exciting arena of the human field called ‘politics’. My father, the greatest single influence in my life, was an active politician—for eight years Prime Minister—and through him I had felt from earliest childhood the impact of vast impersonal events in an intimately personal way. And my grown-up-hood coincided with the opening, in 1906, of one of the most dramatic and decisive periods in our whole political history.

In that world in which I grew up—a world in which movies, talkies, film and television stars were unknown—politics were the great national drama, and Parliament the great stage on which all eyes were fixed. The actors on that stage were, or at least seemed to us to be, giants—some good, some evil giants but all above life-size. They carried standards which challenged the public imagination. They controlled events, as politicians in these days have ceased even to appear to do. (Was it because the events were smaller? Or because the men were bigger? It is not for me to say.) To watch that great drama from behind the scenes as I did—with an intimate knowledge of the plot, the actors and the parts they had to play—and then to see it performed from the other side of the footlights, was an enthralling experience. I remember Henry James saying to me the first time I ever met him: ‘Happy child! You are seeing life from the stage-box’. And I certainly could not have had a better view.

A debate in the House of Commons was in those days as thrilling as any blood-and-thunder film. Behind the iron grille of the Ladies’ Gallery, long since removed, quivering wives, mothers, daughters and sisters sat—caged like tigers, and feeling just as fierce—and watched the struggle below with a tension now unknown. Silence was the rule in the Ladies’ Gallery, but a cough, a whisper, the rustle of a skirt, seemed charged with dynamite. I have never known an atmosphere more full of explosive possibilities—and explosions did indeed occur. On one occasion I remember the old Lady Londonderry using such abusive language about a Liberal speaker, whose timid wife sat cowering a few feet off, that I protested and sent down a note of complaint by hand to the Speaker of the day—Mr. Lowther. He sent me back a note in reply: ‘Dear Miss Asquith, I am so sorry but I am too busy at this moment coping with the devils below to be able to deal with the angels above’.

The ‘devils below’ did indeed give him considerable trouble. The Irish members were sometimes carried out bodily—as one Ulsterman put it, ‘kicking at one end and singing at the other’. I saw Mr. Ronald MacNeil hurl a book across the floor of the House of Commons at Mr. Winston Churchill and it hit him. I saw (and heard) my father,

then Prime Minister, howled down by the Opposition for half an hour by the clock when he rose to announce that the King had given him powers to create five hundred peers to pass the Parliament Act.

## A Brilliant Assembly

And yet, in spite of these childish and unseemly brawls, the House of Commons of those days was a very brilliant assembly. It was a joy to watch Mr. Arthur Balfour unsheathe his delicate nimble rapier, its deft and exquisite thrusts delighting even those they pierced. He seemed to have the power of convincing everyone of what he advocated—with the possible exception of himself. Then there was Edward Grey, our Foreign Secretary, square-shouldered, eagle-faced—crippling even his opponents with reluctant respect by the integrity of his mind and by the direct sincerity of his speech. He was no orator, but beside his Doric simplicity mere rhetoric seemed to shrivel into tawdriness.

Sir Edward Carson—the most dramatic of all advocates—the one of all others I should have chosen to defend me if I had chanced to find myself in the dock; Lord Birkenhead—then Mr. F. E. Smith—that brilliant buccaneer. There were the leaders of the Labour Party, Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, men of very moderate views, who were then regarded by many as Red Revolutionaries—the reddest things we had in those pale pink days. Mr. Lloyd George, the most irresistible spell-binder of his generation; the young Winston Churchill—already at thirty-one a national figure—acclaimed by some, assailed by others, but ignored by none; and my father, quite imperturbable, riding the whirlwind as though he were unaware of its existence. Small wonder that with such a cast of actors the parliamentary drama played to packed houses, both in the House of Commons and in the country.

Looking back, I remember how the high temperature of politics overflowed—sometimes absurdly—into the most innocent amenities of social life. While the struggle for Home Rule and the Parliament Act was raging, lifelong friends cut each other right and left, my father was accused of treachery to the Crown, threatened with impeachment, civil war in Ireland, a mutiny in the Army, and for a time we were treated as enemies of society and social untouchables. In her life of Lord Balfour his niece, Mrs. Dugdale, recounts how Sir Edward Carson, lunching with him, ‘banged the table till the glasses rang’ and declared that social relations with Home Rulers had become impossible. Lord Curzon explained to my stepmother—a lifelong friend—that he could not possibly invite her to his ball as her appearance on the ballroom floor would undoubtedly create a scene. An aunt whom I was visiting in Wiltshire when a girl of eighteen apologised to a country neighbour for being unable to bring me over to tea, and received the startling reply, ‘I am indeed thankful that you did not bring Miss Asquith—for had she crossed our threshold we should have been obliged to burn our carpet’. What visit would exact such a sacrifice today? The political temperature has fortunately fallen and the price of carpets, alas! has risen.

At a time when Mr. Lloyd George was in very hot water for his Limehouse speech—to say nothing of his Budget—a hunting duke in the south of England—a man of few words except for strong language in the hunting field—made a speech in which he said he ‘would like to see Lloyd George and Winston Churchill in the middle of twenty couple of dog-hounds’. What master of foxhounds in this country would harbour such designs today—even against Mr. Bevan?

## Violent and Tumultuous Age

But quite apart from such absurdities the spirit of the age was violent and tumultuous. Looking back it seems strange that those days of peace and cloudless skies abroad should have been an age of such ferocity and violence at home. The suffragettes were breaking windows, setting fire to houses, slashing the Rokeby Venus in the National Gallery, attacking Ministers—whether they happened to be pro- or anti-suffrage—armed with dog-whips, hatchets, and red pepper. On public occasions the approach of a woman was as suspect and as



dreaded as that of a loose tiger! I had several physical encounters with the militants when they attacked my father, on golf-links and elsewhere, and I was surprised and relieved to find that rage could turn even a weedy athlete like myself into quite an effective pugilist.

But pugilism was no defence against missiles. I remember driving with my father and John Redmond in an open landau through the densely crowded streets of Dublin after a Home Rule demonstration—when a well-aimed hatchet was hurled out of the crowd into the carriage. It missed my father by a hair's breadth but cut poor Redmond's innocent head open behind the ear.

Then there was the threat of civil war in Ireland. In Ulster an eminent statesman and pillar of the English Law, Sir Edward Carson, with Mr. F. E. Smith, his Galloper, were arming and drilling a force of Ulster volunteers to fight against Home Rule. Dinners and ballrooms buzzed with talk of the coming civil war. Conservative ladies were busy making bandages. A well-known hostess (whose figure was built on generous lines) was said to be smuggling rifles galore into Ulster under her petticoats. . . . But in spite of the ferocity of those years I never believed—as many did at that time, and some do even now—that they would ever have led us to a bloody revolution at the barricades.

Forty years on—how should we read their balance sheet? To their credit we can claim that it was in those years that the foundations of the Welfare State were well and truly laid. Dire, grinding poverty—that cruel ugly ghost—still stalked the streets when I was young, in that heyday of our prosperity. There was no net stretched beneath the

feet of those who fell except that of private charity and the workhouse. The measures which then seemed revolutionary—old age pensions, social insurance, Irish self-government, the supremacy of the elected House of Commons over the hereditary House of Lords—why, these are today so commonplace that the struggles which won them have almost been forgotten.

Again, personal friendships did survive the party scrimmage. When Mr. Balfour lost the leadership of his party I shall never forget my father's sorrow and dismay at the removal of his most formidable political opponent. 'This is a greater loss to me than anyone', he said. 'How can I function efficiently without him?' Violent we may have been—but at least there was ardour in our purpose. We were not tepid, negative, or numb. Everything mattered. We 'could not have cared more'.

How little we guessed the ordeal that lay in wait for us. For behind our fierce domestic struggles, and our gay revelry, there was thunder in the air—the muffled thunder of a distant but approaching storm, as Germany prepared to break the peace of Europe. When the storm broke we proved our power to show that 'unity in difference' which is the essence of British politics. We closed our ranks.

I remember, on the night of August 4, 1914, sitting with my father in the Cabinet Room watching the sands of peace run out. Our ultimatum to Germany was to expire at midnight. Three friends watched with us: Edward Grey, Sir William Tyrrell, and Winston Churchill waiting to flash the order to the Fleet.—*Home Service*

## Snapshots of My Seniors

# G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc

The second of three talks by HESKETH PEARSON

**I**N my young days there were four outstanding personalities in the literary world: Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, and Hilaire Belloc. We of the new generation admired them all, but though we recognised that Shaw was the most remarkable of the lot, both as man and writer, I think we were secretly fondest of Chesterton, who was not only lovable but had all the human frailties from which Shaw seemed to be so inhumanly free. Chesterton loved company, enjoyed a rousing song, relished a vulgar joke, drank good beer when he could get it and preferred bad beer to no beer at all. He would talk with anybody in a pub, either sense or nonsense according to the mood of the moment or the conversational atmosphere of the place. His laughter could be heard several houses away. He was a sort of Falstaff in bulk and wit, and like that notable character he laughed at his more serious followers. My first glimpse of him was in a Fleet Street pub in the summer of 1913, and I soon perceived that he was pulling the leg of his youthful companion, who looked so earnest that Chesterton's absurdities were probably uttered for the good of his soul.

'One should always drink port from a tankard', said G.K.C. 'Because one does not like to see that one is coming to the end of it. Also it takes on a richer hue. Also it has a mellow taste. Besides, one can *grasp* a tankard: and *drain* it. Now one can't drain a glass. One can only *sip* a glass'. To each of these statements the young man made affirmatory sounds, but as he was drinking from a glass he felt a little guilty and nodded his head dubiously when charged with sipping. This gave Chesterton a new idea. 'Glasses', he went on, 'are made to be smashed. It is said that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. But what man, living in a glass house, would do anything else? It is the simplest way of getting out of a glass house. Indeed, if he throws a sufficient quantity of stones, it ceases to be a glass house'. He then ordered another tankard of port for himself and a glass of port for the young man.

The following year I was introduced to Chesterton and found him extremely amiable. His way of putting things appealed to me greatly in those days, and he chuckled with amusement when I said, parodying his own style, that Shaw's most serious limitation was that he preferred potatoes to potatoes. Some years later I published an imaginary conversation between him and Shaw, giving G.K.C. the phrase he had appreciated on that early occasion, and he wrote to say that as I could imitate his mannerisms so well perhaps I would like to do his next book for him.

The unique thing about Chesterton both as talker and writer was the way in which he could ridicule ideas by playing with words. My friend, Edward Fordham, who was at St. Paul's School with him, tells me that they were once arguing as to whether some policy or other was good or bad. 'The word "good"', said Chesterton, 'has many meanings. For example, if a man were to shoot his grandmother at a range of 500 yards I should call him a good shot but not necessarily a good man'. He was never stumped by an unexpected question. Following a debate on racial characteristics he was chatting with Edward Fordham when an elderly lady whom neither of them knew came up and asked in a rather affected manner: 'Mr. Chesterton, I wonder if you could tell me what race I belong to?' Adjusting his glasses, he replied: 'I should certainly say, madam, one of the conquering races'.

His ability to adapt himself instantly to an unforeseen circumstance and make fun out of it was shown when his hat blew off one day in Fleet Street. A friend of mine witnessed the occurrence, saw him chasing the hat, and to save him trouble dodged the traffic and rescued it almost from under the wheels of a motor-bus. Returning to the pavement, he handed it to its owner who was puffing and panting from his exertion. 'That's very kind of you, very kind indeed', said G.K.C. 'But you shouldn't have taken the trouble. My wife has bought me a new hat, and she will be most disappointed when she hears that the old one has only just been saved from well-merited destruction'. 'In that case', protested my friend, a little vexed that he had uselessly imperilled his life, 'why on earth did you run after it?' 'It's an old friend', replied Chesterton with some emotion; 'I am fond of it, and I wanted to be with it at the end'.

Though he wrote a number of detective stories, G.K.C. struck me as the most absent-minded and unobservant person I had ever met. Yet he must have noticed people and things in a quick-glancing way, because when I met him again after a lapse of several years and mentioned my name in case he had forgotten me, he said: 'I remember you well. In fact you appear in one of my Father Brown stories'. Naturally I wanted to know which. 'Ah!' said he, 'it is a detective story and the least you can do is to detect yourself'. His absent-mindedness never worried him, though it caused much inconvenience to others, especially when he had promised to give a lecture at some distant spot. His wife once received a wire from him: 'Am at Wolverhampton. Where ought I to be?' On another occasion he arrived over an hour late at a meeting and apologised by saying: 'My



wife always sees me into a train, but she is not there to see me out of it, and I left this one at a station further down the line'.

That aspect of his character displayed his other-worldliness. The acquisition of money meant nothing to him, and when he found money in his pocket he spent it or gave it away. He sold his books for a song. For one of the best, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, he received £100. His tastes were simple, and so were his pleasures. Just before going to a tea-party at his house a small girl was told by her mother that she would learn a lot from Mr. Chesterton, who was a very clever man. Afterwards the child revealed the nature of his lessons: 'He taught me how to throw buns in the air and catch them in my mouth'.

Even his pugnacity in print and on the platform was unworldly. He loved disputation and enjoyed a fight for its own sake, not for any kudos to be got out of it nor for the pleasure of scoring off an opponent. He probably never wanted to win, because that would have meant the end of the argument. He was once asked to stand for parliament, and replied that he would be delighted to do so if it were absolutely certain that he would be defeated.

In all these respects he was the exact opposite of his friend Hilaire Belloc, who went into battle to conquer, was punctilious in all his arrangements, prudent over money, selling his work for as much as he could get, and wholly conscious of what was going on around him. I was present at a public debate between Belloc and Shaw. With his invariable kindness Shaw frequently referred to Belloc's latest book, *The Cruise of the Nona*, and every time he did so Belloc looked sharply at the audience and said 'Buy it!'

I used to see Belloc in a bar near Ludgate Circus, debating, reciting

Rabelaisian stories, and improvising lines of poetry that would not have been received with such shouts of merriment in a company of tea-drinkers. He was what is commonly called 'a man's man'—that is, he liked what most men are supposed to like: alcohol, argument, songs, jovial company, bodily exercise, ribald mirth, and rowdiness. In appearance he was shortish, thick-set, and might have passed for a red-faced medieval cardinal with mutton-shop whiskers. His habitual expression was severe and his conversation was precise. In telling someone how to get to a certain place, his instructions were so detailed that unless the other had an equally ordered mind he



G. K. Chesterton—'a sort of Falstaff in bulk and wit'

could not possibly follow them. I once heard him lay down a plan for reaching Paris from Sussex that so completely bewildered me that I should have found it easier to walk there. His systematic method, egotism, and indifference to the feelings of others, were exemplified on one of his many journeys to France. The incident may appear exaggerated, but his companion, a veracious person, assured me that it happened as here narrated.

Belloc arrived at Victoria Station carrying a number of books under both arms. He informed the clerk at the booking-office that he was in need of advice, and started off with a summary of his living expenses, during which a queue formed behind him and the clerk tried to interrupt his flow of statistics. But nothing could deter Belloc, who estimated his annual income, with possible fluctuations, the upkeep of his house, the scholastic requirements of his children, the cost of clothing, light, fuel and food. In the midst of his discourse an impatient member of the queue started to swear. Belloc paused, handed the fellow a book on trigonometry, and again addressed the booking-office clerk: 'I am on my way to Paris, and the question that is troubling me is this: am I, under all the circumstances I have mentioned, justified in taking a first-class ticket?'

Belloc's books are uneven in quality, and most of his historical works are

vitiated by propaganda, but his essays, poems and travel books have a peculiar quality of their own that can only be called Bellocian. In June, 1947, my friend Hugh Kingsmill and I visited him at his home in Sussex and asked him several questions about his works, the answers to which surprised us. He seemed to think more of being a gentleman than of being a writer; but we did not deem it advisable to tell him, as Voltaire had told Congreve in a like situation, that we would not have travelled so far merely to meet a gentleman.

'I hate writing', he declared. 'I wouldn't have written a word if I could have helped it. I only wrote for money. *The Path to Rome* is the only book I ever wrote for love'.

'Didn't you write *The Four Men* for love?' I asked.

'No. Money'.

'*The Cruise of the Nona*'?

'Money'.

When he had also informed us that his best essays were written for money, we wished to know what profession he would have liked to follow. 'I was called to the bar', he answered. 'But what I wanted to be was a private gentleman. Lazing about doing nothing. Farm as a hobby perhaps. Keep someone to run it'.

We gathered from our talk with him that he had a poor opinion of the politicians of his time, dismissing most of them as superficial and brainless. One of his grievances was that none of them knew anything about France. Half French himself, Belloc had served in the French army for a little over a year; and when I asked how he had managed to get out of it so soon, he replied: 'I pulled strings. I had a cousin in the French Government'. So in one respect at least he had found a politician serviceable.

After we had left him Hugh Kingsmill and I discussed some of his delightful essays, and felt thankful that Belloc's desire to be a country gentleman had been thwarted by the necessity to earn a living.

—Home Service



Hilaire Belloc, who 'might have passed for a red-faced medieval cardinal'

*Television in the Making*, edited by Paul Rotha, which has just been published by the Focal Press, price 25s., contains a number of articles by authors experienced in various aspects of the subject. The book is divided into three sections entitled 'Programmes and Producers', 'Studios and Services', and 'The Scope of Television'. It also contains a glossary of television and film terms. The introduction by Mr. Rotha is entertaining and stimulating. He reminds television producers of a saying of Maeterlinck: 'It is in a small room, round the table, close to the fire that the joys and sorrows of mankind are decided'.



# High-speed Aircraft and the 'Heat Barrier'

By E. J. RICHARDS

**T**HE design of aeroplanes is not simply a matter of science: it is also a matter of competition between the nations. Those who lag behind should not start at all. As a result scientists and aeroplane designers are pressing forward with still greater vigour than ever into the unknown. To a great extent, the so-called sound barrier has been overcome, and now, as the speed of an aeroplane jumps quickly from once to twice the speed of sound, we are faced with a new problem, popularly known as the heat barrier.

Since the title 'heat barrier' is such a misnomer, I should first of all explain what is meant by it. A body travelling through the air, an aeroplane for example, takes with it an extremely thin layer of air, the velocity of the air near the surface being the same as the body itself. To do this, the aeroplane has to do work on the air and this shows itself up as a rise in the temperature of the air in the layer. In actual fact the temperature of the air next to the skin of the aeroplane goes up rapidly as the square of the speed of the aircraft increases. Thus at 2,000 miles an hour, the temperature of the air that has been brought to rest close to the aeroplane is 400 degrees Centigrade higher than the temperature around, and at 3,000 miles an hour the temperature rise is some 900 degrees.

## 'A Hill with Ever-increasing Slope'

Several points may be made regarding this. The first is that with increasing speeds clearly the temperature will go on increasing progressively and the 'barrier', so-called, go on becoming ever and ever higher. So the problem of the metallurgist to provide satisfactory metals, of the structural engineer to design structures to cope with increasing temperatures, and of the mechanical engineer to design suitable engines, gets progressively more difficult. So the heat barrier is a hill with ever-increasing slope which can never be overcome once and for all as with the sound barrier.

The actual temperature of the skin, as the result of conduction of the heat by the surrounding air, does not reach the theoretical figure but, depending upon the detailed conditions of the boundary layer, it does reach between 80 and 90 per cent. of it. So the problem is indeed serious. For example, an aeroplane flying at twice the speed of sound at sea-level would heat up by some 240 degrees Centigrade, and at four times the speed of sound by some 900 degrees. At this former temperature (240 degrees) aluminium alloys begin to soften, plastics are useless, and even glass is getting near to its limit of usefulness. At four times the speed of sound, light alloys will have long ago melted and even high temperature steels will have begun to 'creep', as the metallurgists say. Under both conditions, incidentally, the fuel, if it reaches this temperature, will boil away rapidly.

Since flights at high speeds necessarily take less time than slow flights, the problem is possibly eased by the fact that we need not concern ourselves entirely with maximum temperatures. What we have to do is to examine the exact rate of heating of the structure and see how it varies with time. Take, for example, two cases in which the problem is very different, one a rocket re-entering the earth's atmosphere at a very high velocity and only being in it for a matter of seconds, the other, say, the future supersonic airliner, which will still take a matter of hours to fly the Atlantic. Suppose we concentrate on the latter and consider the problems that arise on this type of manned aeroplane, carrying passengers at about twice the speed of sound, or, as it is often expressed, at Mach number two.

The problem here can be split up into three separate items. The first arises from the fact that the heat is generated on the outer surface and penetrates across the skin and so through the structure inside. As a result the aeroplane will tend to become distorted owing to greater expansion of the metal on the outside, and since it is constrained not to do so, large thermal stresses, as they are called, will be set up in the structure, far greater than those normally imposed on an aeroplane.

The second effect, which is rather more understandable, is loss of strength due to high temperature. For instance, at sea-level the new

material, titanium, retains only some 60 per cent. of its strength at twice the speed of sound, while stainless steel will have fallen in strength to some 75 per cent. at the same speed. So new materials capable of keeping their strengths at these high temperatures are urgently needed. But it is not just strength that suffers at these high temperatures. The 'distortion with time' or the creep of the material increases. For example, with present-day temperatures, if the load is kept on a structure for some time, it will distort or creep very slowly, but by an amount we have been able to neglect. A typical figure is a few hundredths of 1 per cent. in 10,000 hours, the usual life of an airliner—a negligible amount. But this is completely altered at high temperature, where creep rates may be as much as 1 per cent. in a few hours. On guided weapons and aeroplanes that fly only for a very short time this may be acceptable, but on aeroplanes with any length of life it certainly is not, and lower levels of stress will have to be worked to, otherwise buckling owing to creep will set in and the aeroplane will not retain its shape for more than a few flights.

There are a number of ways of combating these problems, the most popular of which is probably that of just accepting the situation and designing the structure with plenty of strength in hand to allow for these thermal stresses. This may well be the most satisfactory solution for speeds between 1,000 and 2,000 miles an hour where only moderate heating occurs. But at higher speeds some way of keeping the aircraft cool must be worked out. Two methods are possible. First, sweat cooling, as we call it, the method used in the human body, where by evaporation the surface temperature is kept below that of the air. For the obvious reasons of fantastic complication this is likely to be of only restricted value. Secondly, by transferring heat from the surface of the aircraft to some absorber of heat within the aeroplane, a heat sink, as it is called. The cooled fuel could form such a sink, and one can imagine a system by which the fuel is carried in pipes close to the outside skin of the aeroplane before being injected into the engine. Unfortunately the engine designer and refrigeration engineer also have their eyes on this source of cooling, so that it may be necessary to carry a second heat sink, such as water, and use the evaporation of water as a means of cooling the structures.

Now that we have mentioned the engine designer, let me turn to his problems in this heat-barrier age. To assess their enormous magnitude, it is only necessary to remember that the engine designer has already been operating his materials at their maximum tolerable temperatures, and for many years he has been watching the high-temperature behaviour, creep strength, and fatigue life of the best available materials. He has allowed the engine bearings to be as hot as possible, and lubricants have already been extensively developed to act at high temperatures. Admittedly the gas turbine will be replaced by rocket and ramjet engines as the speed range is pushed up, but the gas turbine is still 'on' at two to three times the speed of sound and it is with us for a long time to come.

## Kinetic Heating and Engine Design

How then does this kinetic heating affect engine design? On an aeroplane flying at a Mach number of, say, 2.8 the inlet temperature in the engine will have been raised by some 330 degrees Centigrade above that now being encountered, and, if the same amount of fuel were added, which is essential to get the thrust, an outlet temperature of 600 degrees Centigrade will have to be tolerated and also a much higher turbine temperature. This implies that the whole engine will have its temperature raised by some 300 degrees Centigrade right through, and that new materials which are capable of coping with this temperature rise will have to be used throughout.

The compressors will have to be of steel instead of light-alloy, and the turbine blades will need to be cooled either by sweat-cooling or by using cooled hollow blades. What is more, far greater attention will have to be paid to prevent leaks into the centre of the engine, in order that the internal bearings may be kept at reasonable though higher working temperatures than we now know them. Since the creep



of materials is likely to be the governing factor, a great deal of attention will need to be given to this problem and also to that of blade vibrations and flutter. Clearly the metallurgist is going to play a big part in the battle of the heat barrier.

Problems exist in other fields, too. I have not mentioned those arising from unmanned missiles travelling at very high speeds—Super V2s travelling at Mach numbers as high as ten. Here the temperature rise is enormous as it is with meteorites entering the earth's atmosphere, and it may be impossible to stop them melting. But melting takes up heat in itself, the so-called latent heat, and so delays the complete process. Thus we must be interested in the way a body melts during the time it takes to slow up on re-entering the earth's atmosphere. Special coatings that take a long time to melt must be found, the best shapes found, and the best place in a body to house all the sensitive equipment established.

I have not mentioned either the general problem of keeping the various items of equipment inside an aeroplane cool—for instance, the ever-increasing mass of electronic gadgetry with its delicate valves, condensers, and so on, and of course not forgetting that most elaborate item of equipment of all, the human pilot. He can in fact withstand quite extraordinary temperatures but in order to allow him to work at a

peak efficiency (a 'must' on these aeroplanes where the pilot is rapidly leaving his mind behind) the temperature has to be closely controlled at a value much less than that of any of the air in contact with the aeroplane. Indeed the vital problem of getting enough refrigerated air to the pilot presents enough material for a whole talk in itself. I hope, however, that I have given some impression of the magnitude of the problem and how it can be overcome only gradually by the perseverance of scientists and development engineers over a wide range of subjects.

Since the advances that can be made in such a wide field depend primarily on the magnitude of the manpower available, the satisfactory solution to the heat barrier reduces itself, as in almost all other spheres of scientific development, to the supply, and indeed the urgent supply, of trained manpower in ever-increasing numbers. We can keep up only if the universities, technical colleges, and schools accept the challenge as our aircraft designers and scientists have done, and provide a steady and increasing flow of highly trained technologists into the field of aeronautical engineering. It is only in this way that we can hope to solve the scientific, engineering, and human problems arising from the simple physical fact that when fast moving air is stopped it gets very hot indeed.—*Home Service*

## Law in Action

# Easements: an Expanding Concept

By A BARRISTER

SMITH owns a field. One day he agrees with Jones that Jones can use a footpath across the field. Later Smith sells the field. Can Jones continue to use the footpath? If the agreement was nothing more than a personal arrangement between Smith and Jones, then the answer is 'No': for the agreement bound only Smith and not his successors in title. Yet sometimes Jones will have not merely a right enforceable against Smith personally but a right enforceable against whoever comes to own Smith's land. This will be so if the agreement between Smith and Jones amounts to the grant of an easement—in this case an easement of way. In general and apart from express legal prohibitions, an owner may permit any type of activity on his land. But in the course of the centuries the courts have laid down fairly strict rules limiting the kinds of rights which may exist as easements. Much confusion and inconvenience would follow if land were to be permanently fettered by all the wide variety of uses which the ingenuity of man has been able to devise.

Many easements are well established. Perhaps rights of way and rights of light are the best known: but there are many others, such as the right to take water from a stream, rights of support, and the charmingly named easement of eavesdrop, giving a right to permit rainwater to drop from a roof on to a neighbour's land. The list is not closed, and recently the courts have had to consider a number of new candidates for admission. Thus, can a right to enjoy and wander in a pleasure garden in a square be an easement? Can the right to share the use of a lavatory with other tenants in the buildings be an easement? What about storing goods, or using a coal shed, or putting chicken coops on neighbouring land?

To answer these questions we must look at the essential characteristics of easements. Basically, an easement is a right for one landowner to use the land of another in a certain manner. It is a right which benefits one plot of land, the dominant tenement, and fetters another plot of land, the servient tenement. If Smith grants to Jones the right to cross his field, this will not be an easement unless it is granted to Jones not merely in his personal capacity but as the owner of some neighbouring land which can form a dominant tenement.

If rights are to have the lasting qualities of easements, they must conform to two rules. First, an easement must accommodate the dominant tenement (that is, be of some benefit to it); secondly, an easement must be capable of forming the subject matter of a grant. It is these two rather cryptic rules which have been considered in the recent cases. The most important of these cases is *Re Ellenborough Park*\* decided by the Court of Appeal some seven months ago. Ellenborough Park is a small, open piece of land in Weston-super-Mare less than an acre in extent. It is surrounded on three sides by roads, and there

are houses along the roads. The fourth side opens on to the sea front. It is thus like the gardens in squares in London and other large towns. About a century ago the then owners of Ellenborough Park sold off the surrounding land as building plots. These plots either fronted on the Park or were very close to it. To each purchaser was granted the right to 'the full enjoyment . . . in common with the other persons to whom such easements may be granted of the pleasure ground set out and made . . . in the centre of the square called Ellenborough Park'. The question was whether this right to the full enjoyment of the pleasure garden could exist as an easement.

To arrive at an answer to this question the members of the Court of Appeal first considered whether the right claimed over the Park as the servient tenement accommodated the dominant tenements, which were the building plots and the houses erected upon them. To satisfy the rule it is not sufficient to show that the right increases the value of the dominant tenement. A right granted to the purchaser of a house in central London to use Kew Gardens, or to attend at Lord's Cricket Ground free of charge would no doubt increase the value of that house. But such a right could not be an easement because there is no sufficient connection between the enjoyment of the right and the use of the house as a place in which the householder and his family live and make their home. For another illustration of this rule we may glance at an old case†, decided in the middle of the last century. There, the occupier of a plot of land adjoining a canal claimed as an easement the exclusive right to hire out pleasure boats on the canal. Though a plot of land which had such a right attached to it would doubtless fetch a higher price on that account, the right was not beneficial to the plot of land as *land*. If anything, the occupation of the land made for the better enjoyment of the business of hiring out boats on the canal, and not vice versa. We may contrast this with those cases, like *Re Webb*‡ before the Court of Appeal five years ago, which recognise as easements rights to fix a signboard on the servient tenement advertising the business carried on in the dominant tenement. Here the right does directly benefit the use made of the dominant tenement itself. Again, if the owner of a large house sold off part of it, and granted to the purchaser the right in common with himself to use the garden, undoubtedly here too the use of the garden would be connected with the part of the house sold and enhance its normal enjoyment as a house. Such a right makes the house a better and more convenient house, and does not merely give the householder a personal advantage. Similarly, Ellenborough Park was in effect the communal garden of the houses adjoining or near it, and so sufficiently benefited or accommodated them.

The Court of Appeal then had to consider whether the other rule  
(continued on page 893)



# NEWS DIARY

June 20-26

## Wednesday, June 20

National Coal Board announces its intention to 'peg' pit-head prices of coal for twelve months

Commons approve by majority of 68 Government's agreement in principle to purchase of Trinidad Oil Company by an American firm

Marshal Tito leaves Moscow at the end of his state visit to Soviet Union

## Thursday, June 21

Home Secretary answers questions in Commons about vice and gang warfare in London

French National Assembly passes Bill to increase old age pensions

Minister of Labour speaks about automation at I.L.O. conference in Geneva

## Friday, June 22

Report of House of Commons Select Committee on 'fourteen-day rule' about political broadcasting is published

War Office announces that Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is to visit Turkey next month

Mr. Shepilov, Soviet Foreign Minister, leaves Egypt for Damascus

## Saturday, June 23

Prime Minister defends Government's economic policy in speech at Warwick

Mr. Nigel Birch, Secretary of State for Air, arrives in Moscow to visit Soviet air display

Referendum to approve new constitution is held in Egypt

## Sunday, June 24

Security forces in Cyprus arrest an uncle of Archbishop Makarios

Thirty persons are killed when B.O.A.C. aircraft crashes after leaving Nigeria for London

Death of Michael Arlen, the novelist

## Monday, June 25

A judge in Cyprus is shot and seriously wounded by terrorists

In a speech in London Mr. Strydom, the South African Prime Minister, defends *apartheid*. Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, also in London for the Commonwealth Conference, discusses the future of the Commonwealth

## Tuesday, June 26

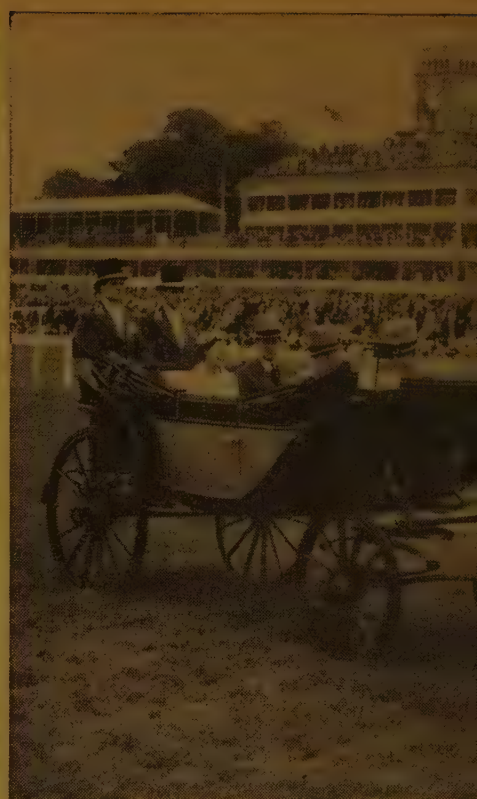
H.M. the Queen reviews holders of Victoria Cross in Hyde Park

Chancellor of Exchequer makes statement in Commons about Government's economies: £76,000,000 to be saved mainly on defence

Parties favouring withdrawal of Nato base from Iceland win Icelandic elections



Mr. Harry Truman, the former American President, walking in procession with Dame Lillian Penson during his visit to Oxford on June 20 to receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. Sir Kenneth Clark, Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, is on the left



H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh driving by the course at Ascot on June 21. The race for the Gold Cup, which was run that day, was won by a French horse, *Macip*, owned by M. Boussac

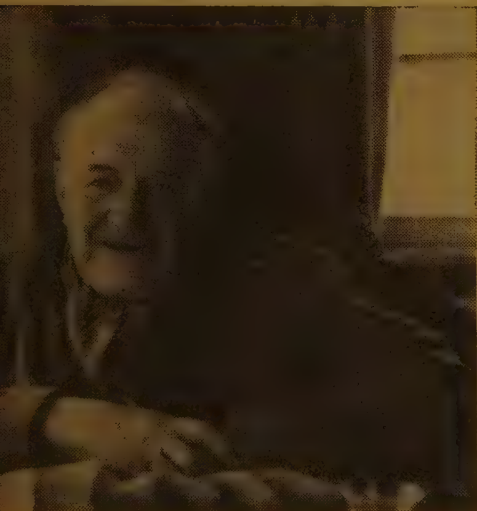


A figure of Joan of Arc being drawn in a procession on June 23 in Rouen to mark the 500th anniversary of her rehabilitation. The pageant, in which 2,000 persons took part, depicted various incidents in her life. The celebrations coincided with the re-opening of Rouen Cathedral which was severely damaged in the allied air bombardment of 1944

Right: R. N. Harvey being caught by T. E. Bailey off Trueman in Australia's second innings of the Test Match against England at Lord's. Australia won the match by 185 runs

Walter de  
June 22  
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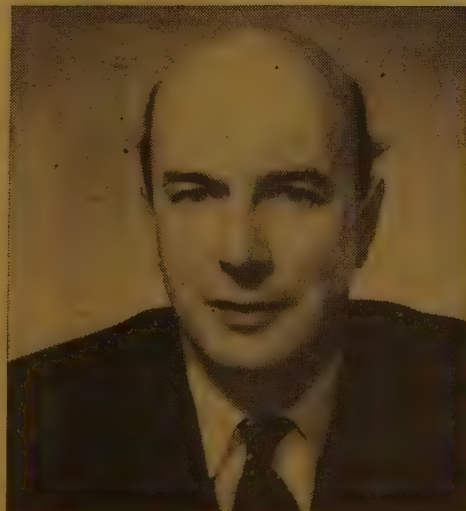




E. E. Cummings, O.M., C.H., the distinguished poet, who died on June 23, aged eighty-three. Besides his poems and a number of short stories of which the best known was 'The Midget' and one play entitled 'Crossings'. He was also popular as a children's poet. His most recent books are 'The Midget' and 'Other Stories', 'O Lovely England, Private and Inward Companion'. The photograph is the first taken by Allan Chappelow



Her Majesty the Queen, Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, reviewing the Regiment at Windsor on June 23. The review was to mark the tercentenary of the Regiment's foundation. The First Battalion, fresh from Germany, wore battle dress, the Second and Third battalions wore tunics and bearskins. A thousand members of the Comrades' Association also took part



Noel Annan, O.B.E., appointed last week Provost of King's College, Cambridge, in succession to Professor S. R. K. Glanville, who died last April. At the age of thirty-nine, Mr. Annan is the youngest man to be appointed Provost for a hundred years. He is a historian and lecturer in politics. His book, *Leslie Stephen: His thought and character in relation to his time* was awarded the James Tait Black memorial prize, 1951

Right: 'St. John on the Island of Patmos', by Velasquez, a picture which has just been purchased by the National Gallery with the aid of a special parliamentary grant of £25,000. The Pilgrim Trust contributed £10,000, the National Art-Collections Fund £3,000, the National Gallery £12,000 to a total purchase price of £50,000





PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

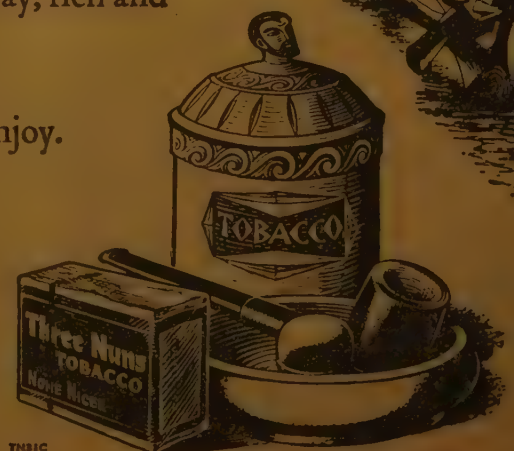
*'Tis rare Perique,  
that so perfects Three Nuns*

As the comforting clouds of Three Nuns Tobacco float lazily into the realms of remembered pleasures, reflect awhile on the nature of this fine tobacco. In the discs you'll remember the dark centres—the black heart of Perique, added by an expert hand to enrich and prolong your enjoyment of each ounce of Three Nuns. Long, long before Columbus adventured on American shores, Perique was being cultivated by Indian Braves in what is now the parish of St. James. For only in this 10 square mile area, some fifty miles above New Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique tobacco be successfully grown. Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts that distinctive aroma which the smokers of Three Nuns always enjoy.

**Three Nuns**

*with the black heart of Perique*

4/9 AN OUNCE





(continued from page 889)

to which easements must conform was satisfied. Was the right to full enjoyment of the garden capable of forming the subject-matter of a grant? This is a short way of saying two things. First, that the right claimed must be capable of sufficiently precise definition and not be vague or uncertain. Secondly, that the right must not be so extensive as virtually to oust the servient owner from possession or ownership of his land. Of course, an owner may sell or lease his land and thereby deprive himself of ownership or possession, but he cannot do this by means of an easement. It is of the essence of an easement that it should confer the right to use the servient tenement solely in some specified manner, and not generally: an easement is ancillary to the ownership of land and cannot give the rights of ownership itself. Moreover, in addition to the requirements of certainty in definition and consistency with the servient owner's rights, it has been said in the past that there is a further requirement. This is that the right claimed must be something more than a mere right of recreation or pleasure; it must have a measure of utility or benefit. But it is doubtful how far this restriction on the creation of easements is valid today. It is chiefly the interpretation of these requirements that gives the courts scope to allow or reject claims for admission to the category of easements. I will consider each of the requirements in turn.

### Rights 'Must Not Be Too Vague'

The first requirement under this head is that the right must not be too vague. It must be clear exactly what restriction is imposed on the use of the servient tenement. Thus a right to the free access of air to chimneys is too indefinite to exist as an easement\*. How far, if at all, can the servient owner build on his land and so deflect the airflow to the chimneys? On the other hand, the flow of air over the servient tenement to a ventilator can be secured as an easement, as it is possible to state with a fair degree of certainty what acts on the servient land would interfere with the flow of air. Again, a permission to roam at large over every part of another's fields is too vague. Can the dominant owner, with numerous guests, wander and picnic on the servient land regardless of the crops growing there? The right to the enjoyment of Ellenborough Park, however, was not too vague and uncertain; it was much more circumscribed than a right to roam at large. The dominant owners could not trample at will all over the park nor could they cut the flowers growing there, but they could merely walk, or rest, or play games on the parts provided for these purposes.

Next, the easement must not be so extensive that it amounts to a joint occupation of the servient tenement with its owners, much less to a complete exclusion of them. The owners of Ellenborough Park remained in complete control and occupation subject only to the limited rights of the occupiers to come upon it for the enjoyment of its amenities. Other recent cases have allowed a greater invasion of the servient tenement. Thus in *Miller against Emcer Products Limited*†, decided last December, some offices were let together with a right to use two lavatories in another part of the building in common with the servient owners and others authorised by them; and this right was recognised as an easement. This was apparently a novelty so far as the reported cases went; the nearest analogy cited by the Court of Appeal was an easement giving the right to use a neighbour's kitchen for washing. Yet, unlike sharing a washhouse, sharing a lavatory involves the exclusion of the servient owner while the dominant owner is using it. Accordingly, to recognise this right as an easement is to go one step nearer the right of exclusive occupation which is one of the badges of ownership rather than easement.

A case which went even further was *Wright against Macadam*§ decided in 1949. There a right to use a coal-shed for storing coal required for the domestic purposes of a flat, was recognised as an easement. Yet except perhaps during the summer or a fuel crisis, the servient owner will be totally excluded from the shed. To regard this right as an easement may perhaps be justified on the grounds that a coal-shed would normally form a very small part of the servient tenement, and could not readily be used for any other purpose than coal storage. A similar case is *Smith against Gates*||, decided three years later in 1952, where a right to put five chicken coops on the edge of a common was successfully claimed as an easement. It seems, however, that the coops were movable so that the servient owners were not permanently excluded from any particular piece of the common.

The limit was reached, however, in *Copeland against Greenhalgh*||,

also decided in 1952. For many years a wheelwright, and his father before him, had parked vehicles undergoing repairs upon a small strip of land less than an eighth of an acre in extent on the opposite side of the road from his workshop. The whole strip had been continuously occupied by vehicles except for a gangway leading to an orchard adjoining the strip and belonging to its owner. This claim was held to be too extensive to constitute an easement as it amounted to a claim to use almost the whole of the strip to the exclusion of the servient owner. It is difficult to extract any clear conclusion from these cases save that the courts today are willing to recognise as easements some rights which exclude the servient owner from his land, provided that the exclusion is temporary or the area affected is small.

There remains the question whether an easement must be a right of utility and benefit and not one of mere recreation and amusement. Certain rights such as rights to privacy or prospect have always been excluded. Over 300 years ago Chief Justice Wray said that 'for prospect, which is a matter only of delight, and not of necessity, no action lies for stopping thereof, and yet it is a great commendation of a house if it has a long and large prospect'\*\*. These words of the Chief Justice epitomise the difficulties which beset Squire Hillcrest and his family in Galsworthy's play 'The Skin Game'. It will be recalled that the parvenu Mr. Hornblower was proposing to build a factory on neighbouring land and thus obscure their view. Had the law recognised an easement of view we should have had no play; the Hillcrests had occupied their land for generations and so would have acquired any easement there was to acquire. The means the family adopted to frustrate the designs of Mr. Hornblower lie beyond the scope of this talk, if not beyond the pale of the law altogether. But the exclusion of rights to privacy or prospect may be supported on the ground that they are too vague. Must a right which accommodates the dominant tenement and is sufficiently definite be excluded if it is a matter only of amusement and not of utility, only of delight and not of necessity?

The right to use or share the use of a television aerial erected on a neighbour's house could hardly be called a matter of utility or necessity, at least until, perhaps, 1984. Yet it is hard to believe that it would not be recognised as an easement. The Court in the *Ellenborough Park* case pointed out that even if the rule be well founded, the right to use a garden is not one of mere recreation and amusement. 'No doubt', they said, 'a garden is a pleasure—on high authority, it is the purest of pleasures—but, in our judgement, it is not a right having no quality either of utility or benefit as those words should be understood'††. One of the purposes of the garden, to which the Court called attention, was taking out small children in perambulators or pushcarts; yet only the most doting of parents would describe this activity as mere recreation or amusement. And even without this factor, it may be said that the right to use a garden is beneficial to health, and not merely recreational. This will be so even if the use be confined to walking, sitting and playing games in it, or, indeed, if only one of these activities is permitted, for example using a tennis court. But this view of utility and benefit is so broad that it would embrace almost every activity which conduced to the comfort, or served the needs, of the occupier. It would seem therefore that this third rule is only another way of saying that the right claimed must accommodate the dominant tenement.

### Is the Present Trend Desirable?

The broad general tendency of the courts in recent years thus seems to have been one of willingness to admit new recruits to the category of easements, and it is only natural that they should do so. For one thing, dwellings, offices and factories, to say nothing of modern farming, are ever more complex. It is not enough to have a roof over one's head. It is also necessary to have a network of pipes and wires under one's feet. Again, dwellings are much smaller and often lack many of the amenities that the older self-contained house had. The clothes must be hung out somewhere, and it is often difficult to find a place to put the perambulator. What of the future? If today there are gardens, coal-sheds and lavatories, tomorrow there may be claims to erect a television aerial, to store a bicycle, to use a tennis court, to share a deep freeze plant, to land a helicopter. Is the present trend desirable, or is the recognition of new easements likely to lead to problems which outweigh any advantage gained?

For there undoubtedly are problems. First, there may be difficulty in defining the precise scope of the right. It has cost much litigation, spread over many years, to work out such matters as how much light

\**Bryant v. Lefever* (1879) 4 CPD. 172.  
||[1952] C.P.L. 814

†[1952] Ch. 488

†*Cable v. Bryant* [1908] 1 Ch. 259

\*\**William Aldred's Case* (1610) 9 Co. Rep. 57b at 58b

‡[1956] 2 W.L.R. 267

§[1949] 2 K.B. 744  
††[1956] Ch. at p. 179





## OPEN HANDED

By *PODALIRIUS*

"You may not be aware," Mr. Sherlock Holmes remarked to my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, half a century ago, "that the deduction of a man's age from his handwriting is one which has been brought to considerable accuracy by experts." The experts have made a little progress since then, though not as much, of course, as Mr. Holmes himself might have done had he taken the subject up.

The fact that every man's signature is as distinctive as his finger-prints is the foundation on which rests the whole banking system of the world. Our writing reflects not only the movement-pattern of the writing hand but the movement-pattern of the whole body; and even if we learn a new script (as many people nowadays seem to be doing) we give it our personal style. A man who loses his writing arm—or for that matter both arms so that he has to take to writing with his toes or his teeth—goes on making his letters in the same way, and his new writing shows the same fundamental characteristics as the old.

Sometimes at Victorian tea-parties, I remember, a lady would hint that she could read character from handwriting; and she often made very penetrating judgments on the samples offered. Nowadays the psychologists are saying much the same. Not only age and character affect our style, they say, but also our prevailing mood; our motions express our emotions. Thus in elation our gestures are high, wide and handsome, in depression grudging, slow and small. In boisterous spirits we dash off a note in a bold and confident hand; in moments of gloom we lose our strong rising strokes, our letters become blunted, and the lines sag dismally down towards the bottom of the page; in rage we press hard, and our angry pen is ready to stab the paper if not the recipient. Such things reflect the altered tension in our muscles which accompany these states of mind. They are seen in an exaggerated form in the hand-writing of mentally ill patients.

In time, the psychologists say, the scientific analysis of handwriting should enable us doctors to understand a patient's character more or less at a glance; and also—which is more important—to spot signs of an emotional or mental disturbance at the earliest possible moment. Famous characters in the past who have left a line or two behind them will become equally transparent to historians. It is a sobering thought. Those who like keeping themselves to themselves had better go out and buy typewriters.

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can be claimed under an easement of light, and for what purposes the way may be used under an easement of way. But who can say what incidents will attach to the new easements of coal storage and lavatory sharing? Secondly, there are the perils of prescription. If you suffer me to use a path across your field for twenty years, you may well discover that my enjoyment has ripened into an easement; but then you would be on your guard against well-known easements such as easements of way. But if for twenty years you have allowed me and my family to leave our bicycles in the common passageway between our homes, you may then find that I am claiming by prescription a new easement of cycle storage. Even more dangerous possibilities lie in the rule that when an owner sells land the purchaser is normally entitled to claim as easements all those advantages which have been enjoyed with the land he is buying, and which are capable of existing as easements. In the past, the rule has worked well enough. Thus if the owner of a field and an adjoining house reached by a path over

the field, sells the house, the purchaser will acquire an easement of way over the path. This will be so although no such right existed prior to the sale, as both the field and house were then owned by the same person. But if a new range of easements come into being, the owner who sells part of his property may find that the purchaser has acquired many new and previously unsuspected easements against the land which the owner retains. A similar danger may await the landlord who grants a new lease to a sitting tenant. Privileges which the tenant has been enjoying not as of right but simply because nobody has stopped him may become enforceable as easements under the new lease.

The more ready the courts are to recognise new rights as easements, the more careful the property owner must be to prevent his land from becoming overlaid with novel burdens. There is nothing, indeed, that vigilance and the careful drafting of legal documents cannot overcome: but today property owners must be on their guard against the expanding world of easements.—*Third Programme*

## Letters to the Editor

### Morals and Religion

Sir,—Mr. Farrell in his interesting talk on 'Morals and Religion' (THE LISTENER, June 21) said the work of Freud and his followers is exerting pressure on us to say that in the sense in which a belief in witches and fairies is an illusion so also are our beliefs in God, a divine Christ, and any other supernatural figure illusions.

Yet psychological observation of the human beings around us indicates a vast variety in the type of men and women who are believers. Some are and some are not independent of parents in the Freudian sense, so that the idea of God as an illusion and parent-substitute cannot be scientifically established.

Moreover, Christianity itself rests on a basis of historical facts. It is true that the subconscious needs and desires of a person influence his attitude to these facts, but this will no more tell against religion than for it. What is often overlooked is that atheists and agnostics as well as believers are prompted by subconscious motives or repressions. Religion is to be considered by the whole man in action; the total mind and emotions enter into the question, and it is unlikely that religion can be seriously threatened by theories concerning only the subconscious zones of mind.—Yours, etc.,

Bristol M. G. TUCKER

### Modern Italian Architecture

Sir,—I see that Joseph Rykwert, in his close-packed and otherwise extremely well-informed talk on modern Italian architecture (THE LISTENER, June 21), has repeated the 'official' version of the last days of Giuseppe Terragni, the architect of the Casa del Fascio in Como.

I too have been guilty of giving this version—that Terragni was wounded at the Russian front and died in Como after renouncing Fascism—in print, and immediately received a letter from Signora Giulia Veronesi, who had known Terragni and admires his work, pointing out that I was in error. She wrote: '*Pour Terragni, il faut que je vous précise d'abord qu'il n'a pas été blessé sur le front Russe, comme vous le dites. Il est devenu fou quand il a vu et compris l'absurdité et l'horreur de la guerre*'. From this psychic derangement he apparently never fully recovered, living—as has been said of him elsewhere—*una vita psichica di bambino*. In such a mental condition it seems doubtful if much value should be given to his 'renunciation' of Fascism. There is even some mystification about his death, which apparently occurred with such suddenness that natural causation has been doubted—though Signora Veronesi specifically scouts the idea of suicide.

My object in bringing this information forward is not so much in order to 'expose a pious fraud', or anything like that, but to wonder, out loud, why the 'official version' should have been put in circulation. It may comfort some Milanese and Comacine consciences to white-wash the man, but all his buildings were completed well before his doubtful renunciation of Fascism, and to admire them remains still to admire an architecture that was acceptable to the Fascist hierarchy in the very heartland of Fascism (Mussolini's last acts as nominal *duce* of anything at all were performed in the Casa del Fascio at Como, as upon *terra sancta*). Can it be that some north Italians enamoured of geometry wish to find some compromise way of 'submitting to the rules of art' without appearing to submit to the rules of political tyranny, and would like to convince themselves that—in the canting phrase so familiar in the nineteen-forties—Terragni never really was a Fascist?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

REYNER BANHAM

### Charles Bradlaugh

Sir,—Dr. Marie Stopes' letter on the subject of Bradlaugh's prosecution (THE LISTENER, June 21) contains three misstatements and is very misleading by implication.

It is not true that the pamphlet *Fruits of Philosophy* was published freely before Bradlaugh's prosecution; nor was it the Bristol bookseller's grangerised edition that Bradlaugh published; and the police most certainly interfered with its publication, by confiscating the stock.

The facts, in outline, are these. After the prosecution of the Bristol bookseller for selling his 'extra-illustrated' edition, the police searched for copies of the original pamphlet. Charles Watts, the publisher of Bradlaugh's writings, had a stock of the pamphlet, and was prosecuted. Bradlaugh, in concert with Mrs. Annie Besant, withdrew publishing from Watts, and founded the Freethought Publishing Company. They issued a new edition of the *Fruits of Philosophy*, inviting prosecution by informing the police and city magistrates of their intention.

Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were arrested, prosecuted and convicted; the Lord Chief Justice was inclined to be lenient until he discovered that the defendants had continued to sell the pamphlet after their conviction, and intended to continue so to do. He thereupon sentenced each to a heavy fine and six months imprisonment. The judgement was subsequently reversed on appeal.

Bradlaugh then brought an action against the police for the recovery of the confiscated

pamphlets; an action which he won. The pamphlets he sold with the inscription 'Recovered from the Police'.

Dr. Stopes would not, I am sure, wish to denigrate the contribution of either Bradlaugh or Mrs. Besant to a cause which has received such valuable support from herself.

Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

MICHAEL COLEMAN

### Linguistic Techniques in Politics

Sir,—Mr. I. Ansari's changes of ground are somewhat startling. His first letter attacked those who use linguistic techniques by assuming that they are supporters of attitude or emotive theories of ethics. Upon Mr. Mackarill's pointing out that this is far from the case, we find him abandoning his thesis that this is 'the element of modern linguistic technique which is so destructive of all moral and political thought', and raking the whole philosophical world with this new broadside. Its failing, he now says, is that it looks at the logic of ethical and political thinking, whereas it should be helping us to make political judgements. Does he consider that an epistemologist's job is not to analyse the logic of perception, but to cure shortsightedness? Is he a sort of super ophthalmic surgeon? I would say that he is not, and that equally the political philosopher is not a sort of wet nurse for political innocents.

The great value of linguistic studies has been the underlining of the fact that political theories are seldom philosophical, but more likely a mixture of political propaganda and of institutional studies. The first is the function of the pamphleteer, the second that of the empirical investigator, examples of which are the recent articles by Professor Finer and Professor Devons. The political philosopher's is of a higher order, logically, in that he analyses the nature of such writings.—Yours, etc.,

North Shields

S. H. DRUMMOND

### A Fair Deal for Hodge

Sir,—I offer your correspondents my profound apologies for my unbelievable mistake about Joseph Arch. The adjective might well be inexplicable, as I wrote the script with the recent history of the N.U.A.W. at my elbow! I know that individual members of my Church gave a splendid lead—but they were a tiny minority. The Church as a body did nothing.

While admitting without excuse my gaffe about Arch, I would plead, in regard to the rest of the script, that the time factor controls the admission of details.—Yours, etc.,

Coventry

E. MOORE DARLING



Art

# Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

ONE of the odder intellectual conflicts of the present time is the one called the 'battle for realism' by certain supporters of those who are meant to be fighting it. The oddity is that the battle takes the form of purely psychological warfare, waged by propagandists. But so far as any real battle, fought with the weapons of painting, is concerned, there has been only the mildest of skirmishes on the terrain which can reasonably be considered that of 'realism'.

Even when every allowance has been made for the fact that a mid-twentieth-century realism ought to differ from nineteenth-century realism, it is impossible to consider as realistic the kind of painting that is supposed to be winning the battle for realism. Whatever 'realism' means or does not mean, there is one thing it *must* mean—that the subject, the tangible subject, matters more than either the look of the picture or the artist's feelings, fantasies, and ideas about the subject (for all that these other elements may play a part as considerable as they do in Courbet). Consequently, a modern painting that really can be considered realistic is Coldstream's portrait of the Bishop of Chichester, now at the Tate Gallery. But the realist propagandists are not interested in professors, only in their students. And their notion of a realist painter is someone like Paul Rebeyrolle, whose recent work is currently being presented by Marlborough Fine Art Ltd. at the R.W.S. galleries.

Now, Rebeyrolle is a beautiful painter. But a realist painter? Surely not? Or a painter who has reacted against the Picassian revolution? Emphatically not. The goats that populate his figure-compositions were undeniably born at Antibes. Or consider the still-life with a palette (No. 32): it is a cubist still-life—in its design, in the flattening of the bottle and of the cup on the left, in the way in which the picture is constructed like a low relief, in the suggestion of collage provided by the fact that the blobs of paint on the palette actually *are* the blobs that would be there if this were a real palette; there is even a 'trompe l'œil detail', as the cubists used to call it, in the shape of the dipper. Nor is the aesthetic, non-realistic, non-anti-Picassian bias of Rebeyrolle's recent work something which it takes an analysis of this kind to discern. It is visible to the naked eye, it is there in the mannered elegance of his forms and the delicate refinement of his colour.

Yet, if this outcome of Rebeyrolle's development contradicts the propaganda, it is a logical consequence of that development as a whole—or so it seems to the present writer, who has followed it for nine years and who, in 1948, when the artist was aged twenty-one, rashly declared, on the French Service of the B.B.C., that he was '*l'artiste le plus doué qui soit né en France depuis le début de notre siècle*'. The work that he is doing now is a natural continuation of what he was doing at that time; that is, a monumental treatment of everyday objects, using a shallow space and distortions taken over, here from Picasso,

here from Van Gogh, and showing, in spite of the starkness of the drawing, a very delicate taste in colour. These works were followed, in 1950 and after, by paintings influenced by Courbet, paintings which made his reputation but which, it has always seemed to me, were invalidated by an inability to draw convincingly and coherently in naturalistic terms.

The recent work, indeed, can be seen as a rejection of Courbet—perhaps an admission of defeat, but one which we ought to be grateful for—a rejection symbolised by the fact that the Courbet-esque theme of the trout, treated two or three years back completely in the manner of Courbet, has now become a pretext for a series of paintings which are very nearly as remote from Courbet as action-painting is. And it is strange to see that the synthesis which Rebeyrolle has now achieved, and which truly reflects his particular talents, has a certain affinity with a kind of painting attempted in this country, with less success, by Colquhoun and Le Broquy.

Other current one-man exhibitions include two retrospectives, one official, the other unofficial, of modern masters. The unofficial one is a pleasant selection of about sixty paintings, water-colours, and drawings by Paul Klee, on view at the Hanover Gallery. The choice ranges wide and includes one item of exceptional interest, a landscape in water-colour dated 1923 which, sombre in colour and virtually naturalistic in drawing, harks back to a much earlier period in Klee's development.

The official retrospective is a very full-dress affair. This is an exhibition, at the Arts Council Gallery, of Picasso's graphic work, an exhibition that is a quarter the size again of its counterpart last summer at the Bibliothèque Nationale. It has the further advantage over the Paris



'L'Enfant et l'Agneau malade', by Paul Rebeyrolle: from the exhibition at the R.W.S. galleries, Conduit Street

show of not being displayed in a single long gallery: once again the converted house in St. James's Square shows itself, in spite of the oppressive gilding on the ballroom chandeliers, to be an admirable setting for drawings and prints. The catalogue, too, with its copious notes and illustrations, provides much better value for money than the Paris catalogue, though the notes are shaky at times. The glosses on Nos. 40 and 61 contain naive paraphrases of Barr which have a misleading effect. The statement that the 'Atelier du Sculpteur' etchings are reminiscent 'of Bach's *Kunst der Fugue*', besides containing a mistake in spelling, is exceeded in its pretentiousness only by its ineptitude. Also, is it not good manners, when expressing thanks to someone, to get their name right?—why, then, does the Arts Council announce its gratitude to M. 'Henri' Kahnweiler?

Other recommended exhibitions are two that are off the beaten Mayfair track—that of Gillian Ayres and Henry Mundy at the Gallery One, 20 D'Arbly Street, Soho, and, at the Oliver Gallery, 98 Old Brompton Road, a one-man show of water-colours by a young American, Ed. Smith, who reveals an admirable control over both his semi-abstract language and his medium.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 32s.

AN ACCOUNT OF COMMUNISM in the Middle East is much overdue, and Mr. Laqueur's book appears opportunely at a time when Soviet Russia has entered on a new phase of political activity in that region. Though Turkey and Israel (but not Persia) are included in the survey, the Arab countries are given special prominence, and it is not fortuitous that an account of religious and right-wing extremism is linked to a study of communism. Mr. Laqueur's analysis shows that in a society which is experiencing the breakdown of traditional values, extreme nationalism, religious archaism, and communism can meet on a common front of discontent with existing regimes. It is necessary, therefore, to recognise that the communism of an intellectualist *avant-garde* is not an isolated phenomenon, and that in the ferment of ill-digested ideas there is no clear dividing line between movements of apparently irreconcilable tendencies.

The so-called communist parties of the Middle East which came into being soon after the first World War were small groups of intellectuals inspired by Marxist ideology. More often than not they had to work underground because of official persecution, and they made no impression on the 'proletariat' (a non-existent class) whom they profess to represent. Their history, pieced together with commendable zeal from obscure pamphlets and periodicals, is unedifying since, lacking in a clear sense of direction, they were rent by internal strife and tended to break up into splinter groups.

Western observers, impressed by weakness in numbers and lack of quality in leadership, have tended to regard Middle Eastern communism as a negligible factor; they have, moreover, been influenced by the 'bulwark of Islam' theory according to which atheism and materialist communism is altogether incompatible with the religion of Muhammad. From this view Mr. Laqueur sees good reason to dissent. It is probably an overstatement to say, as he does, that Islam has ceased to be a living force for the intelligentsia and the town-dwellers (the strength of the Muslim Brotherhood and parallel movements points to a quite different conclusion) and there is no doubt that the masses remain strongly attached to their traditional faith. There are, however, radical wings on the Muslim front which flirt with communist groups, and there is much force in the contention that religion has not proved a bulwark against communism in Catholic France and Italy or in Buddhist Indo-China. It is relevant also to remember that the establishment of the Soviet regime in Russia was not preceded by a mass-conversion of *moujiks* from orthodoxy to militant atheism, and that Bukhara and Samarkand and Tashkent not long ago were strongholds of Islam.

Communism is naturally strongest in the more advanced countries but even less developed areas have been infected; if it is impossible to take seriously such absurdities as the discovery of *sredniaks* (middling peasants) and even kulaks in the Sudan Gezira, and the description of primitive tribesmen in the Nuba Mountains as 'organised cotton growers', it is yet a disturbing thought that the 1,500 Sudanese communists have succeeded in infiltrating into many key positions.

The prospect in the Middle East, in the

writer's opinion, holds out little promise for those who believe in the stability of existing regimes or in the gradual emergence of parliamentary democracy. The trend of opinion in the politically conscious groups is authoritarian and anti-democratic, and both nationalists and communists believe that 'the people are incapable of ruling themselves and that a small *élite*—namely the intellectuals—must assume the task of ruling'. There is of course profound ignorance about conditions in Russia, but Soviet society is believed to have a peculiar fascination for certain people and communism is received as a quasi-religious message.

A full discussion of the complex problems raised would require a line-by-line commentary on Mr. Laqueur's analysis, but this may be said that so far the factors which favour the growth of communism appear to be balanced by competing forces. The spearhead of the movement is found in the 'Arab *élites*', yet these do not form a homogeneous and effective group, and their communism, except in the case of active party-members is quite often no more than a fashionable pose. Finally it is well to remember that in the long run the political future of an area, which forms a strategic front in the cold war, will probably be shaped by external factors.

The documentation of this scholarly and thought-provoking book is unusually full.

## The Marble Threshing Floor—Studies in Modern Greek Poetry By Philip Sherrard. Valentine, Mitchell. 21s.

Translations into English from the work of four of the five poets discussed in this volume, Solomos, Palamas, Sikelianos and Seferis, have appeared here or in America at various times, whilst the work of the fifth poet, Cavafy, has recently been translated in full. The Third Programme has also helped to make this interesting department of European literature better known. But the work of appraisal—though of course all translation is implicit appraisal—has scarcely begun. We need two or three critics who will carry on the work of interpretation begun by Mr. Forster, whose two essays on Cavafy are amongst his best critical writing.

There was a time during the war when the poem 'Waiting for the Barbarians' was in danger of being almost too well known; but the fact does suggest the solid interest of Cavafy's reflections on hellenistic history. All the poets discussed by Mr. Sherrard are in various ways concerned with history. They discuss what it all comes to and what it has done to them. They express the predicament of being, from one point of view, extremely old, and from another, comparatively young. They feel the loneliness of belonging to the oldest, yet all too manifestly 'expendable', continuity in Europe, and in some moods would like to escape to new lands and seas, to become creatures without memory, pioneers or wanderers. But one cannot escape things Greek as one can escape, say, things Dutch or German or even English. So they are held in a constant tension between the disillusion which they have gained by their long living, and their responsiveness to what is heroic and beautiful and new.

Mr. Sherrard finds that neither of the words 'classic' and 'romantic' will describe the impression of modern Greek poetry. Instead, he insists on the importance of Greek poetic tradition. 'In that understanding of art which

is not classic or romantic but is traditional in the sense that it is implicit in traditional cultures, the artistic process neither begins nor ends with the individual.' According to this tradition, the poet is an explorer and an embodiment of spiritual realities, and poetry resembles 'a ritual drama'. The Alexandrian exile stands outside this native tradition which 'had preserved through the centuries a wealth of song, legend and dance in which were enshrined the perceptions and understandings, the qualities of thought and feeling, of a way of life whose roots went far back into the past.'

It is a weakness in Mr. Sherrard's book that it does little to make this folk tradition more real to those who do not know the Greek ballads or who have not read, for example, J. C. Lawson's classic work *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*. Nevertheless, his commentaries and translations are remarkably successful in establishing the distinctiveness of Greek poetic achievement since the first half of the last century, and in suggesting its relation to an impersonal tradition which bestows extraordinary prestige on good poets. But perhaps the notion of poets as heroes and mythmakers is not as completely lost in other modern languages as Mr. Sherrard asserts it is. When Mr. Eliot writes, 'the great poet, in writing himself, writes his time', is he not claiming a status for poets comparable with that of a Palamas or Sikelianos? Apart from any theoretical claims, a great poet is necessarily a sacrificial figure, whose genius is his fate, and whose work embodies and clarifies the dumb sufferings of the imprisoned spirit in all men.

## Portrait in Grey. By Norman Howarth Hignett. Muller. 18s.

Let us confess it: books written by prisoners about prisons repel. The authors complain. Their reception is humiliating, the sanitation inadequate, the food unpalatable, the library facilities poor, the prison staff impolite, the Governors uneducated, and the prisoners are marched, if you please, from place to place. 'What do they expect?' we ask, 'The Ritz?' A very natural reaction, and yet to our credit let us note that such books are published, and that most of us are, in fact, disturbed.

Mr. Hignett, a solicitor and coroner, was convicted of fraudulent conversion. He served his sentence at Wandsworth, Wormwood Scrubs, and Wakefield. He preferred solitude when he could get it, so that we are given none of those descriptions of life on 'association' that have enlivened the pages of his predecessors. Instead we have a formidable indictment of the prison system. There is, for example, the curious incident of the two lads who escaped from Lewes Gaol. According to Mr. Hignett, who was there at the time, they were 'clandestinely brought to the remand section, were stripped, and were clandestinely administered with corporal punishment'. Is this true? Pass it off as an 'incident'. Very well, but then there is the description of the whole works. All this marching to chapel and lectures, under the eye of a vicious officer, trying to catch you out if you put a foot wrong; this inadequacy of library facilities, when we are told that prison is supposed to provide education; this humiliation on reception, which is just the time when some desirable impact might be made; this endless sewing of mail bags. What are we after? According to the Prison Rules: 'At all times the treatment of prisoners shall be such as to



encourage their self-respect and a sense of responsibility'. Well, does it? Or is Mr. Hignett right when he says that in reality prison 'is a place of punishment wherein a few reformative elements have been incongruously and unprofitably planted'?

Mr. Hignett is, quite understandably, very unfair to the Prison Commissioners. They are in an awkward position. They cannot move far ahead of public opinion, and the experiments of 'open prisons' and 'open Borstals' are tributes to their courage. All the same Mr. Hignett has done a service in bringing to their notice some of the things that go on in prison without their sanction, and it is to be hoped that they will attend to his recommendations, most of which are perfectly reasonable and practical. But this is not enough. The whole system needs reorganisation. The status and pay of the staff should be improved and their function reconsidered. The work in prisons should be interesting and important and not just a matter of providing something for idle hands to do. Educational facilities should be improved, and some method devised for developing a personal relation between the prison staff and the prisoners. Such changes are particularly needed for the first offender, whose initial bewilderment is likely to render him more receptive. The fact is that if we are to take 'rehabilitation' seriously, we ought to do something about it. As it is, out of the 29,770 men received into prison in 1953, no less than 16,324 had been there before, of whom 4,863 had served from six to twenty sentences. As a method of rehabilitation, the modern prison can scarcely be deemed a success.

## Empire of Fear

By Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov.

André Deutsch. 18s.

The Petrov story of 1954 is still fresh in our minds: the decision of the Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Canberra, in charge of espionage, to seek asylum in Australia, followed by the dramatic and courageous rescue of his wife by the Australian authorities from the MVD stalwarts who were endeavouring to abduct her to Moscow. The Petrovs' evidence on the Soviet espionage network in Australia was patiently and publicly sifted by a Royal Commission. This book tells the story of their lives. Mr. Petrov was ten years old when the Revolution broke out, and his wife four. The active life of each of them was spent in the service of the OGPU, NKVD or MVD as the Soviet internal security and foreign espionage service has been variously known. It is well nigh impossible for such a book to be dull. But the critical reader will ask: is it true? Now here Mr. and Mrs. Petrov start with a great advantage. Their detailed sworn evidence before the Royal Commission was subjected to the most searching and hostile cross-examination. The facts to which they deposed were tested and re-tested wherever it was possible to do so. Between them they spent over a hundred hours in the witness box under the constant scrutiny of three experienced judges. In their report these judges found that Mr. and Mrs. Petrov were 'witnesses of truth', and also 'found their accuracy to be of a high order'. Yet even without this high testimonial no impartial reader can read this moderate, undramatised, and unexaggerated record without an inner conviction that these two people are here telling their story as it really happened.

Since Mr. Petrov was for many years before and after the war an important cipher officer at the MVD headquarters in Moscow, he had a good opportunity of learning much at first hand of the activities of that organisation. For example, during the purge years, says Mr.

Petrov, 'I handled hundreds of signals to all parts of the Soviet Union', in the following form: 'To NKVD, Frunze. You are charged with the task of exterminating 10,000 enemies of the people. Report results by signal. Yezhov'. In due course the reply would come with the list of names of those 'liquidated'. Apparently the present Soviet leaders now admit that this kind of mass murder went on—though, like the Nazis before them, they naturally disclaim all personal responsibility for the regime which they helped to bolster. Again, the particularly brutal and treacherous murder of Trotsky in Mexico in 1940 has long been ascribed to the MVD. Mr. Petrov knows it was the work of the MVD, because he saw the relevant file in the registry at the Moscow headquarters in 1948. He handled the file for long enough to ascertain that the murder had been planned in detail in that very office over a period of years. (No doubt in due course the Soviet leaders will admit this as well, and lay the blame for it on some safely executed policeman.)

The above are merely illustrations chosen at random from much valuable and often quite new evidence which the reader looking for more than the sensational will find. The death of Radek in 1938, recorded in a signal which passed through Mr. Petrov's hands, is another instance, in view of the many conflicting rumours which have circulated about his fate. There remains a further question: what sort of people are these, and what was their attitude to the despicable service in which they were engaged? Here again the authors disarm criticism by their frankness and sincerity. They do not pretend that they served the MVD against their will, or that they had any qualms of conscience in doing so. It was not conscience or remorse that drove them to seek asylum in Australia, but fear for their own future, after the upheaval in the MVD caused by the fall of Beria. While in the service of the dictatorship, they took their own duties for granted, and their privileges as their due. Their apologia has the ring of truth. 'Of the dreadful and appalling things that are done in the Soviet Union by Soviet citizens more are done through fear than through hatred or malice... Fear... drove us to seek refuge and freedom from fear in Australia'.

Now that they have had time to look at the Soviet Union from the perspective which the free world offers, they conclude on a note of modified optimism. The Soviet government, they claim, 'cannot entirely ignore the feelings of its own people and in spite of contrary appearances is far from indifferent to opinion in western countries'. Changes are therefore possible in the years ahead. Since, however, 'the rulers of the Soviet Union respect one thing only—strength', and have nothing but contempt for those whom they can intimidate or deceive, the free world must be both strong and less gullible in its dealings with the Communists.

## A Mirror for Narcissus. By Negley Farson. Gollancz. 16s.

As in many of Mr. Farson's books, the interest here is two-fold: that focusing on the author himself, the man he is, the personal story; the other attaching to his views on the world's affairs and to his descriptions of places and of people. The period covered by this piece of autobiography starts in the middle 'thirties when, being broke, he went to Slovenia to write *The Way of a Transgressor*; the story he tells of his life in the years that followed, woven in with recollections of other days, is one both of splendour and of misery; the splendour of a life lived fully and freely in circumstances largely of his own choosing—in the U.S.A., in Norway, in the 'exasperating continent' of

South America, in Africa, 'the most brutal of all the continents', and then in the war as a foreign correspondent in the Soviet Union (where on his journey from Moscow to Murmansk he experienced a feeling of terror he had never known before and has never known since), and finally in his house by the sea in North Devon. The other side of the story, the misery, can be summed up in one word, drink. Mr. Farson is explicit on this subject and on the kind of hell drink led him to. His release he owed in great measure to Professor Bumke of Munich; but in the last analysis, as an English psychologist told him, 'The one thing that will ever make you stop drinking is your own common sense'.

What Mr. Farson sums up in this restless book is nothing so grandiose or abiding as a philosophy of life; but his observation is informed throughout with compassion, and in studying the ways of men (and of animals as well) he refers more than once to the 'oneness' of us all. Yet the generosity of his outlook and the love he feels for his fellow creatures does not prevent him from criticising some of them—the pompous type of politician, for example, or 'the bloody and bloodless doctrinaires of the Kremlin' for whose regime he foresees no great future, because of just one thing they have left out of their calculations—the soul of man: 'in this case, the Russian peasant's love for the land'.

Mr. Farson has long been known and admired as a writer for the power he possesses of projecting personality on to the printed page. *A Mirror for Narcissus* shows that he has lost nothing of his skill in the practice of that enviable art.

## Family, Socialization and Interaction Process. By Talcott Parsons and Robert F. Bales.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

It can be plausibly argued that Talcott Parsons, with the various scientists who are intermittently his collaborators, is the most important and novel theorist working today on the data of the behavioural sciences. He is almost exclusively a theorist; he produces practically no new data himself, and the experiments which some of his associates conduct to gain confirmation for his hypotheses (such as the paper on 'Role Differentiation in Small Decision-Making Groups' by Robert Bales and Phillip Slater in the present volume) show no particular ingenuity in design or novelty in content, though the recording is extremely meticulous. Parsons is important because his Theory of Action is the first coherent and consistent attempt to place into a single conceptual frame-work the hitherto disparate findings of academic psychology, psycho-analysis, sociology and anthropology, to produce a single theoretical vocabulary which can subsume the knowledge of the development of human beings in the culture of their society which has been accumulated in the last half century.

The major concepts he employs are of individuals playing roles in interlocking action systems or sub-systems over time, and of the internalisation, not merely of the role, but of the system or sub-system of which the role is a component, by the role-taking individual. In all systems he discerns common (and very generalised) patterns of action, and paired functions, of which the instrumental and the expressive are the most stressed; with the additional assumption that binary fission is inherent in human psychology he is able to deduce very complex situations from a relatively simple paradigm, typically illustrated by a rectangle divided into four smaller rectangles. The simplicity of the paradigm



makes for very great complexity in the writing; the essential limitation of the technical vocabulary produces a clotted style which needs great and continuous concentration for comprehension. The effort entailed—and reading Parsons is certainly no relaxation—is however almost essential for all interested in the development of the theory of human behaviour.

In the present volume he is primarily concerned with the development of the child in the nuclear family. Starting with the model of the typical Occidental middle-class family, a separately housed husband and wife with a son and daughter, he traces with meticulous care the schematic development of the neonate from birth to its sixth year, and then, in somewhat less detail, up to adulthood. With considerable ingenuity he fits into the same conceptual scheme the emotional development of the child as outlined in classical psycho-analysis, the cognitive development as studied by such workers as Piaget, and its socialisation as it has been described by educationists and sociologists for our own society, and anthropologists specialising in the development of national character for alien societies. The schema allows for deviants and psychopaths, as well as for 'normal' development. A chapter by Morris Zelditch studies, somewhat superficially, role differentiation in the nuclear family in fifty-six primitive societies.

This stimulating presentation elicits two major criticisms. There is an almost complete divorce from the biological basis, from the fact that the developing member of society is also a maturing animal; except in so far as Freudian terms call attention to the body or its zones, the description is entirely one of endopsychic processes. Secondly, his rigid paradigm of the nuclear family is dependent on the type of housing typical of the American middle class, which contain only one adult of each sex. His anthropological data show that various kinship patterns do not, by themselves, much modify the composition and roles in the nuclear family; but there are many societies in which it is general for the child to be cared for and disciplined by more than one woman, the nanny in our traditional upper middle class, the grandmother in Great Russia, sisters or sisters-in-law in many conjoint households, as well as the biological mother. The paradigm makes no allowance for this not uncommon situation, and it is difficult to see how it could be adapted or modified in congruence with it. The present picture is over-simplified; but it is a considerable advance on all its predecessors.

### On the Poetry of Spenser and the Form of Romances. By John Arthos. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Reading the *Faerie Queene* is rather like threading the paths of an exceptionally intricate maze. We set off confidently enough, following the clue so obligingly provided by the poet, and for a time we feel we are doing famously; but the further we go, the less probable it seems that we are getting to the centre of the maze, or indeed that it has a centre. We emerge at last, still on the circumference; it has all been very intriguing, but where in fact have we been led in our wanderings?

Spenser's clue has not been so helpful after all. 'The generall end' of the poem, he wrote to Raleigh, was 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline'. Each book was designed to illustrate one of twelve different attributes of the noble life, 'twelve private morall vertues', holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, and the like, and in Prince Arthur these virtues were to be shown blended in their perfection. But only six books

were completed, and, as Professor Arthos points out in the volume under review, 'the letter to Raleigh is hard to square with the poem we have, the books are written in somewhat different patterns, and, most strangely of all, the allegories are so variously or at times obscurely or unevenly developed that the reader finds it difficult to discover the point of view from which he is expected to take it all in'. Here then are some of the reasons for our difficulty in finding our way to the centre of the maze, in tracing any coherent theme by which the poem is given a ruling interest.

Professor Arthos sets out to provide a clue to the unity of the *Faerie Queene* more helpful than that of the poet. The earlier poems of Spenser, he points out, are all in some sense 'visionary meditations' on various aspects of love. They are dominated by the personality of the poet, and 'the single affirmation that is repeated again and again is the idea of the power and excellence of love'. Similarly, if we look for the impersonal narration of the Homeric bard in the *Faerie Queene*, we shall go astray. The poem is, on the grand scale, the personal vision of a 'solitary singer', and it takes its unity from the central doctrine that order and constancy depend upon love, 'the love of the Creator and the love of justice and the love of truth, in oneself and in society, as it is with the love that moves Arthur, Britomart, Amoret, Calidore'.

The structural unity is less easy to find; Professor Arthos sees it in the very diversity of the poem. What the average reader remembers most vividly is the picture of 'a great forest full of light', and it is this forest that binds together the immense variety of incident. 'It is not the narrative and not an articulated theme, but the luxuriance of life in the forest that comes back to us most forcefully, and a sense of the vitality of life in the forest and in men and women, the luxuriance of it and the variety'.

To state it thus is of course to oversimplify the thesis of the book. Professor Arthos argues these and other points with plentiful illustration, and he makes a valuable contribution to Spenserian studies by showing the development of a fundamental similarity of thought, and to some degree of structure, throughout the poet's work. In an interesting chapter on Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, he also throws fresh light on Spenser's debt to his predecessors in the romantic epic, in particular demonstrating that though, or perhaps because, he had an essential kinship of spirit with Tasso, he derived less from him than has generally been supposed.

Professor Arthos has written a sensible and useful book, but it should be added that stylistically it is somewhat forbidding. He is inclined to maltreat words: for instance, he uses 'terrorize' for 'terrify', 'meet up with' for 'meet', and 'different than' for 'different from'—or is this normal American usage?

### Murray's Lancashire Architectural Guide By Peter Fleetwood-Hesketh. Murray. 28s.

Should a guide book tell the truth, or should it tell the whole truth? Does the word 'architecture' mean what Mr. Fleetwood-Hesketh and Messrs. Betjeman and Piper, his editors, choose it to mean or does it mean the artifacts of man? On the answers to such questions depends one's judgement of this unique guide. Is it a charming fantasy about a dream Lancashire, or is it an honest report? The author, admittedly, refers in passing to the Palatinate's industrial past and present; here and there he even depicts her—carefully chosen—industrial landscape. We, he may assume, know our Lancashire in a broad way; we know, when we set out on the treasure hunt to which he inspires us, what we are in

for. The foreign visitor may not; he may not realise that his pilgrimage to the works of Pugin, Waterhouse and Comper, while infinitely worthwhile, does nevertheless take him through some of the meanest and most squalid areas of this planet. The Ryland Library is indeed a treasure; is it worth a night in a Manchester hotel? The foreign visitor, when it is too late, may feel misled on the point.

That the author and editors have, in this series, taken the very conception of an architectural guide so far beyond mere archaeology that they recognise beauty when they see it, is a cause for gratitude; one only asks for a few more warning notices. It is right and proper to dilate on the evil of open-cast mining; compared with the older landscape of the pits it is a peccadillo; compared even with the dear Railway Age.

Once, however, we have fixed firmly in our mind the black setting of Lancashire's jewels then the guide is most admirable, even perfect in its own way. A model guide book—its text, photographs, maps and index all of the very best. Lancashire may have dealt hardly with its own treasures, but a lot—a surprising lot—remain. The Leghs, the Lowthers, the Derbys could, after all, hardly fail to leave something behind them; nor could the Victorian magnates—as uninhibited and purse-proud, in their way, as the great Elizabethans. The stained-glass at Ashton, Rufford and Coniston Old Halls, Hoghton Tower, Stonyhurst, Knowsley, Pugin's Scarisbrick, Wyatt's work at Liverpool and, of course, St. George's Hall are all great art; they are only a few of the things we may see once we steel ourselves to face Lancashire. A model guide book within the strict limits of the truth, but not of the whole truth.

### George Meredith: His Life and Work By Jack Lindsay. Bodley Head. 30s.

Public interest in Meredith, which has for some decades been limited to a steady but not large circle of admirers, would seem to be reviving. Last year saw Dr. Trevelyan's scholarly selection from the poems, and commentaries upon them. Now Mr. Jack Lindsay has attempted, in this comprehensive and provocative work, the first full-scale appreciation of the man and his writings—believing (in his own words) that

Meredith of all our novelists developing after 1850 realised most deeply the way the world was going. . . . For he both grasped the essential nature of the conflict now issuing in the threat to life itself, and held a deep optimism which believed that despite all hell's men—the masses—would master the threat and achieve a happy and harmonious life on earth. Meredith has been ignored because of his profound relevance to the situation of our world.

Mr. Lindsay's method is to use the life as framework for his summaries and critical appraisals of the novels and poems. It is a plan which allows him to present the works as a series of progressively deepening and idiosyncratic documents, and at the same time to key in this literary development with Meredith's personal course—his unhappy first, and happy second, marriages; his friendships; his political liaisons. Both halves of this double-barrelled approach have been tackled with economy, persuasiveness and insight. It is an attractive, if still a little inapprehensible, personality that emerges. The reader may well be most struck by the extraordinary neglect (when it was not contempt) experienced by Meredith for the first thirty years of his creative life, and the unflinching courage and lack of commensurate bitterness with which he met it.

In spite of these virtues, however, this is not yet the definitive critique we are one day to hope for. Such works ask detachment, and Mr. Lindsay is a political dogmatist who allows his



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opinions to direct the whole course and tenor of his criticism—indeed he obviously considers it his duty to do so. In many ways this is an advantage: Meredith was strongly 'political', and a Radical-Marxist of Mr. Lindsay's peculiarly old-fashioned stamp is unexpectedly fortunately placed to understand and sympathise with him. At the same time the rabidly politico-centric view is a sadly constricting one: the attempt to hold Meredith's gallon of humanity in his pint-pot of politicality is perverse and wasteful.

It should be said however that Mr. Lindsay is at pains to make his position clear; he flies under no false colours. At times he may be considered naive, absurd, especially where he drags in prejudices and class-hatreds quite unnecessarily; or tosses about 'workers', 'the masses', 'the proletariat' as if they were autonomously meaningful concepts; or particularises 'the later corruptions and back-slidings of Social-Democracy' as 'the failure to keep the pledge against imperialist war in 1914, the attraction of Royal Garden Parties for so many English Labour leaders'. But in general a fair reader will both like and respect him for his honesty. When he delivers himself of a pronouncement like 'Egoism is for Meredith the process of inner division, of self-alienation, that is the spiritual reflection of class-cleavages', the reader may wonder at an innocence of mind that can suppose egoism to be the result of class-cleavages rather than the cause of them, and also how, if Mr. Lindsay (as he does) regards class-cleavage as the supreme evil, he can from cover to cover of this book promote his policies of class-prejudice and class-hatred without having to plead guilty himself to a most monstrous egoism; but he will be at fault if he allows this to deter him from perceiving how very much of Mr. Lindsay's criticism is, within its limits, both valid and original.

### Plato in Sicily. By G. R. Levy.

Faber. 15s.

Perhaps of all the classical writers it is Plato who remains of the greatest significance to modern readers, especially to those who are not otherwise much drawn to the Graeco-Roman world. His speculations in metaphysical and political philosophy are still fertile and the grace and wit of his style add to their freshness. This being so, it would be in accordance with the modern fashion to seek more information about his personality. This remains elusive in the Dialogues. Some letters ascribed to Plato survive, however, and whether they are authentic or not there is agreement that the events implied in them are historical. It is upon these chiefly, with help from other sources, that Miss G. R. Levy has drawn for her narrative of Plato's experiences in Sicily. She has re-created the scenes imaginatively, but justifiably insists that there is no fiction in them.

Plato visited Sicily three times. The practical purpose behind them, as Miss Levy suggests, was to find that reconciliation between philosophy and politics which was the preoccupation of so much of his writing. The quest had an ironic and indeed tragic issue. On his first visit made about 387 B.C. he made lasting friendships with the Pythagorean Archytas and with Dion of Syracuse, but his relations with Dionysius I of Syracuse were unsuccessful, and if he was kidnapped in Aegina on the way home, this was probably an act inspired by the Sicilian tyrant. Twenty years later Dion invited Plato again. This time it was for an attempt to realise the philosopher-king in Dionysius II. The jealous tyrant banished Dion and tried to keep Plato as a virtual prisoner. A third visit in Dion's interest only resulted in things going from bad to worse. 'Plato sighed beneath his olive trees to think that the liberation of Sicily, to which

they had both looked forward for thirty years, was at last to be undertaken to right a private wrong'. Dion at last returned and expelled the tyrant, only to be murdered himself soon after. Some local colour is lightly touched in behind this story and there are many imaginative reconstructions of Plato's feelings.

The book closes with a wistful chapter revealing him engrossed in composing *The Laws* after the defeat of his practical hopes. This wistfulness pervades the whole book and it may be doubted whether it provides a clue to Plato's personality. Nevertheless there is much to be learnt from the book, and those who are unfamiliar with Plato's philosophy may be impelled to study it further. The sad lesson of the story seems to be that power politics will not listen to the mild and reasonable advice of philosophy even from its most golden-tongued exponent.

### The Roanoke Voyages 1584-1590.

Edited by D. B. Quinn.

Cambridge (for the Hakluyt Society).

£6.6.0.

History is full of clashes between the coldness of its broad movement and the warmth and sentiment generated by experiences and predicaments of the individual. Such clashes disturb the mind importunately, and the tale of the Roanoke ventures carried out for Sir Walter Raleigh is stuffed with them. On July 2, 1584, Amadas and Barlow, the pioneering captains, 'found shole water, which smelt so sweetly, and was so strong a smell, as-if we had bene in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers'. So they smelt the first savour of the United States, off 'Wingandacoo', which was to be called Virginia, which was in fact a marshy, sandy, low-lying strip of the modern North Carolina.

Ralph Lane's colony spends the best part of a year on Roanoke Island, in this 'Virginia', and is taken off by Drake: Sir Richard Grenville arrives too late, searches for the colonists, catches an Indian, and returns privateering on the way, in 1586; and the registers of Bideford record at the end of March 1588 the christening of 'Raleigh, a Wynganditoian'—no doubt the Indian Grenville had caught—recording also his burial a year later: 'Rawly A man of Wynganditoia the vijth day of Aprile sepultus fuit'. Again John White's colony is established on Roanoke in 1587; on August 18 'Elenora, daughter to the Governour, and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the Assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Sunday following, and because this childe was the first Christian borne in Virginia, she was named Virginia Dare'; and the colony, unrelieved for two long years, which included the events of the Armada, vanishes, the expedition of 1590 finding nothing but an empty palisade, the word CROATOAN cut on one of the uprights, and some heavy iron and lead left behind and grown over with grass and weeds; so ending, for a while, Raleigh's 'own Virginia, fairest of nymphs'.

With a few exceptions all the texts and documents of the Roanoke voyages, or the Roanoke failure, are collected in these two Hakluyt Society volumes, linked with admirable narratives, admirably, at times unexpectedly, annotated, with a catalogue and discussion of the Roanoke drawings made by John White, and, for extras, an analysis of the early Virginian maps and the Roanoke topography, an account of the Indian language of North Carolina (Algonquian) spoken by the people encountered by these pioneers and colonists, and a note on the modern excavations, which have recovered nothing that speaks certainly of the colonists but the ditch and rampart of a small star-shaped

fort, an Elizabethan sickle, three Elizabethan jettons or casting-counters, the top of an olive jar, an Indian tobacco pipe, and a lump of copper. If the colonists moved to Croatoan Island, some fifty miles south of the colony site, no convincing trace of them has ever been found (though Indians on the island in the early eighteenth century claimed white ancestors).

Professor Quinn's introduction and narrative show one thing stated before, yet not generally realised—that the expendable and expended colonists were less the casualties of a great colonial idea than the victims of an Elizabethan ruthlessness for gain; the prime concern of the Roanoke voyages, *sub rosa*, was to plant a fortified privateering base on the flank of the rich Spanish shipping out of the Indies—a fact well understood by the Spaniards. And it was a clever idea to have this base tucked out of sight behind the Carolina Banks. The project for the City of Raleigh, which was to be established north of Roanoke by John White, certainly emerged; but again and again the documents, texts and narratives make it plain that in the minds of Grenville and others the colony, the welfare of the colonists or their relief were secondary altogether and incidental to the taking of Spanish prizes.

By an odd link, it was along these sandy Atlantic wastes of Roanoke, not so far from the Elizabethan fort and the birthplace of Virginia Dare, that the Wright Brothers were to fly their first aeroplane, at Kitty Hawk.

### Animals After Dark. By Maxwell Knight.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

Few books written for the layman and amateur naturalist deal solely with the life and behaviour of animals at night. Indeed the majority of people have no inkling of the enormous activity that goes on all through the hours of darkness. Maxwell Knight deals with common British animals, from badgers and foxes to owls and nightjars, from toads, fishes, and insects to spiders, snails and worms, and shows what a fascinating world of life awaits discovery by the naturalist. Unlike birds, which are mostly active by day, the mammals conduct much of their affairs by night, and in consequence the author devotes more than half his book to these animals. He is, however, careful to point out that, although in general mammals are more active at night, many of them can also be observed by day, and that much of their nocturnal activity is forced upon them by the necessity of avoiding their chief enemy, man. The author has a very wide first-hand knowledge of natural history, and consequently is able to illustrate his theme with a great many interesting personal experiences resulting from a lifetime devoted to patient and acute observation. He points out how little effort naturalists have devoted to field studies at night and how rewarding such work can be in filling the enormous gaps in our knowledge of the ways of wild creatures.

The author has always been most successful in hand-rearing and taming young birds that have been orphaned or injured. None of his pets has been more rewarding than his owls, and his chapter recounting his experiments to determine whether owls locate their prey by sight or hearing is excellent. He discusses the peculiar asymmetry of the ears in owls and correctly concludes that this peculiar arrangement is to enable the birds to locate their prey accurately by sound. Professor Pumphrey has recently shown that it resolves the ambiguity in the polar diagram inherent in a symmetrical arrangement and enables the bird to get an exact 'pin-point' of the mouse rustling in the grass below.

But there is no end to the interesting topics upon which the author touches.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### New View of Religion

WE MAY NOT be altogether rash in assuming that, in the present dispensation, no television programme with religion as its *motif* can have the same effect on society as the novel, *Robert Elsmere*, had in its day. The parson in 'Quiet Revolution' last week was no passionate self-searcher, riven by doubt. Tired of standing before a dwindling congregation within the walls, he carried the flame of his message to the unheeding crowds of his factory suburb by taking a pitch at the local Hyde Park Corner where, instead of preaching, he invited questions. Script-writer and producer saw to it that he got them. They hit us all in that little space between the eyes by which Mirabeau said men may be judged.

Such forthright give-and-take on matters of religion has seldom if ever been presented to so great an audience. Chief among the questioners was a communist with a concave face, receding hair, and a begrudging spirit. We were to see in him a kind of fanaticism which the parson asked us to believe is sweeping the masses on to world leadership. He wanted to play his part in fitting them for it. Did we know that 75 per cent. of them have never had a square meal? It is hardly necessary to say that the argument did not go deep. There was no bestirring us with the thought that, for example, the ascending power of the machine, with its monotonous demonstration of cause and effect, seems to be creating a mental imperviousness much less dignified than that of rationalism. The communist of the programme was typical of the skilful casting which was a large part of its success. The telephone called me aside as the credits were appearing on the screen or I would have taken a note of them in compliment to some good characterisations. Obviously, thought and care had gone into realising the different types and to finding the right people to play them. For weeks past, the standard of the B.B.C. documentary department has been flapping at half-mast. In 'Quiet Revolution' the scriptwriter, Colin Morris, and the producer, Gilchrist Calder,

hoisted it sky-high again to fly bravely over the littered television landscape.

The subject of religion in the industrial context had already come before us, less arrestingly, in a programme from Scotland called 'Seeing Both Sides', with industrial chaplains and representatives of management and men discussing their problems. Once again it was proved to us that sincerity is not enough for television purposes, that these publicly presented discussions must have force and edge to hold our attention. In that programme there was not enough of either. Religion on the personal plane



Douglas Wilmer (left) as the Rev. John Lovell and Ewen Solon as Lewis, a communist, in 'Quiet Revolution', on June 21

had animated the exchange of views, the previous Sunday evening, between Hélène Jeanty, of the Belgian war-time resistance, and Canon Charles Raven. Mme. Jeanty was a sufferer, under the Gestapo, whose brave resource failed of its purpose—to save her husband. It gave her a serenity of spirit which owes nothing to the dogmas and against it the gentle persuasiveness of the churchman could not prevail. We appreciated the opportunity of seeing and hearing them both.

That is the truth; people talking continue to provide much if not most of our viewing satisfaction. Sir Gerald Kelly was unfailingly entertaining and sometimes instructive in his now finished series of Sunday-night talks about the maestros of the Paris art scene when he was young. Crouching furtively in his chair, as if he had been rudely shoved into it by the producer, he told his tales with the relish of one who, having had the best education, can afford to be vulgar. To say that there were moments in which his narrative was near the knuckle is to be anatomically inexplicit. We must hope that he will resume telling them before much time has passed, perhaps using as a thread the *cénacle* at the Chat Blanc on those evenings when the Entente was new in the world and he and Maugham were patronising the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*.

Another Irishman, brought on in 'Panorama' to talk about his play on hanging, did not do so well. He did not do anything at all. He just sat there mumbling. Malcolm Muggeridge tried valiantly to salvage a little sense from an encounter to which neither he nor any other interviewer should have been exposed. A tele-

vision producer has no business to let himself, or us, in for such inelegant emergencies. Not quite seemly, too, was the topic curiously chosen last week by one of television's best talkers, W. Macqueen-Pope, who discoursed lushly on the late Ivor Novello's taste in food. I prefer Coleridge's 'nondescript reverence' to such macabre devotion.

For many viewers the outside broadcast cameras contributed the week's best enjoyments, with their long excerpts from Royal Ascot and the Test match at Lord's. I watched the first part of the Test play a shade less attentively than the average devotee; the ball was being stopped rather than hit. Also, there are cricket perspectives not yet mastered by the cameras and the fore-shortened effect sometimes makes the field look like a disjointed balancing act. The 'incident' camera filled in the duller passages with some delightfully skittish shots; for instance, the pigeons' tea interval and a small schoolboy gravely rehearsing his future as a Test bowler. The commentaries of Brian Johnston and Peter West had the usual 'hi-fi' quality which we have learned to expect from them.

'Look', with the two naturalists, Maxwell Knight and Frances Pitt, was good pictorial value for time spent, though fragmentary in its verbal content. Except for an opening fanfare of hunting horns, our visit to the Château de Cheverny in the Loire country was silent enough to have materialised a ghost, perhaps of Madame de Sévigné continuing her experiment in rusticity.

Our verbal guide, Alexander Moyes, was instructive without being intrusive and that is the way it should be.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Deserted Piazza

'WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN (not that we missed you)?' asked the artistic person with the kindness of his type. 'I have been in Italy', I answered, 'using my eyes'. 'Ah', murmured the artistic person, and intoned 'Tintoretto, Titian, Tiepolo . . .'. 'Not a bit of it—television', was my reply.



'Wendy', a West African mongoose, in 'Look—Animals as Friends' on June 20, when Maxwell Knight introduced Frances Pitt



The Château de Cheverny, visited by the French Television Service for the programme 'Show Place' on June 21

John Cura

John Cura





Scene from 'The Seddons' on June 24, with (left to right) Gladys Henson as Miss Barrow, Gretchen Franklin as Mrs. Hook, Isabel Dean as Mrs. Seddon, Charles Turner as Mr. Hook, and Carl Bernard as Mr. Seddon

It may seem perverse to go to Italy to watch television, to turn one's back on the coral dusk of the Venetian lagoon or the rustling pines of Rome and crowd into the back of the *café* where, at the rate of 3,000 viewers to each set, all Italy now gapes and goggles. In Rome do as the Romans do, however. Anyway, I had gone to Italy in the first place to a World Television Congress, now part of history, in my mind never to be forgotten. Never, on any subject, let alone a visual craft, have so many words been spoken. One delegate, an Italian professor, spoke so fast and so long, that the German translator fainted. There's eloquence for you!

At the end we passed impassioned resolutions agreeing that television was an art and a menace and a joy and a shame; and one departed feeling inwardly convinced that the B.B.C. types present, Mary Adams, Michael Barry, and Leonard Miall, had forgotten more about television than most of the others present had begun to learn. Our own showings included Jacqueline Mackenzie and that 'Life of Jesus'. There were hot afternoons in a baking ballroom with blankets let down over the windows where we watched the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of other nations. For instance, there was that afternoon we spent in a Frenchman's stomach ('*Mon foie, ce n'était pas gai*', as Foch might have said); also an Italian programme called 'The Animals Are Your Friends' which drew forth that brave remonstrance from the intrepid English ladies. For, of course, instead of a B.B.C.-like zoo treat, with tame titmice, the Italians went the whole hog (they do in television) and showed us a terrified pelican flapping in panic. I later saw a burlesque of this à la Bob Monkhouse and the Italians laughed a lot. The most innately artistic people in the world has not yet lost its sense of humour (a point not raised at the Congress).

But the programme which really matters, before which (as before Scarpi) all Rome and all Italy tremble, is an equivalent of our (or I.T.V.'s) 'Double Your Money'. This literally stops the whole life of the nation on Thursdays. Astronomical sums are won (or lost) in the process of answering questions on geography or cyclism. Next morning every newspaper, even the most august, carries a full verbatim of the proceedings with photographs and descriptions. Those who fail abandon themselves to the wildest grief: which is hunted out in close-up. Perhaps I need hardly say that the people who produced Ristori, Duse, and Magnani, and who instinctively adopt the poses of Guido Reni and

Salvator Rosa, make a very great histrionic business of winning 10,000 lire. I have not seen such acting for many years. What irony to return home to watch a play, 'Man Alive', about wax dummies!

I harbour what is perhaps a delusion that I was at school with the author, John Dighton, at school—where boys often tell each other 'That's not funny'. I remember Mr. Dighton as keeping us in fits of laughter and since then, also, he—if it be the same—has often convulsed me. This farce, however, seemed to wilt. The subject was perhaps to blame?

The 'Big Mau' number, with Wayne Morris as the world's most unlikely store detective rescuing a man from the condemned cell, was mystifyingly stupid and unbelievable. It began with a soulful employee who had worked in the piano department returning and strumming Chopin; just the way you would if your lover were due to be hanged on Thursday. 'The Courtesan' was supposed to provide the thrill of guessing who She was. The name Ludwig I of Bavaria in the cast list gave the game away. This was competent but quite uninteresting historical flappoodle, with all the old trimmings one used to get in the 'By Jove, Lord Byron' school of radio feature.

All readers of the British Sunday press know that the Lord's Day is the time to rake over the ashes of the juicier sort of murder. So the sad story of the Seddons and the way miserly Miss Barrow was done in with soaked flypapers long ago in north London came up most apt. What is more, it was a first television play by Rodney Ackland, a wonderfully gifted playwright who I hope will give us more and better plays. The production (Douglas Allen) and the playing of such people as Carl Bernard, Isabel Dean, and Jane Henderson was stagily effective and energetic.

What I thought was missed was the sheer dimness of that suburban murder of long ago. Was it not its total lack of personality, passion, drama and real feeling which gave it its special edge of horror? Here we were encouraged to feel that the Seddon *ménage* was quite interesting in its own right. The action was jerky, overswift, and as stagey as a revue sketch much of the time. The drama of the trial, such as it was, hardly came out.

After the arsenic, the old lace took the form of a pretty singer, Solange de la Motte, and the other Robinson (Stanford) conducting a soothing Sunday serenade.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

### Science Fiction

HAVING BEEN FOR YEARS President, Honorary Secretary, and the entire membership of my own Arcturus Club, my heart leapt up at news of a radio version of 'A Voyage to Arcturus', much as Wordsworth's did at his rainbow in the sky. It leapt only to sink; I realised that my club—if I may revive a quaint old expression—was non-U. Clearly, David Lindsay's book was, and is, as the learned Mr. Visiak has said, 'a stupendous ontological fable'. One must remember that the shadow-form of Crystalman, the devil, the tempter who stands for beauty and pleasure—regarded here as evil distractions—comes between the people of Tormance and the sublimity of the divine Muspel-light. One has to know that this is an allegory in which the fearful Krag is redemptive Pain, and that Maskull's progress from the scarlet-sanded desert, among the terrors of mountain, plain, forest, island, and sea, has at every point a metaphysical significance.

On Sunday I should have listened, in this spirit, to E. J. King Bull's superbly-managed 'dramatic script' (Third), and yet, diverted weakly in search of pleasure, I found myself, as usual, taking 'A Voyage to Arcturus' as some of the most exciting science fiction I know. The Club had a good session, though it felt that it might be raided at any moment. Had it been, officials and members would have been discovered, no doubt, wearing the 'Crystalman grin' (for explanation, see the book, or—and I recommend this—listen to Saturday's repetition).

Mr. King Bull has worked on Lindsay's text like a sensitive sub-editor, preserving the felicities, cutting the crudities, and re-shaping the narrative so that, while we never lose the dread and wonder of the journey, we are never held up by arguing with the author's choice of phrase. The people of Tormance—inhabited planet of Arcturus—are apt to sprout extra eyes or limbs with mildly comic names and unconsciously comic effect ('Her three great eyes kept flashing and gleaming'). In speech the repetition of such words as 'sorbs', 'probes', 'breves', and 'poigns' would be fatal. Here it is overcome tactfully. Mr. King Bull omits altogether the 'magn', or heart-tentacle. He cuts, too, such a difficult matter as the 'absorp-



'The Press Gang', a play for children on June 19, with (left to right) Denis Quilley as Jack Hardy, John Richmond as the Captain of the *Apollo*, Barry Letts as the First Lieutenant, Brian Smith as Jim, and Mervyn Blake as the Quartermaster of the frigate



tion' of Diggrung; Dreamsinter is not needed in the Wombflash Forest; we are spared all those siestas during Blodsombre; there is no ride on the shrowk—a Jaberwocky-word—and, though I am sorry about this, Maskull and Corpang do not travel through the air, in that 'male-stone'-operated boat, to the peaks of Lichstorm. No stranger to the book will know how cunningly Mr. King Bull has made a join there. As I heard it, the phrase in the radio script is, simply, 'By the time they had arrived at the foothills of Lichstorm, there was no light to see by'—something that bridges more than five tricky pages.

The allegorical characters do develop powerfully in the imagination. Stephen Murray, narrating (the matter of dual personality is neatly treated), has the brooding voice, the command of tone and colour—including, I daresay, the new primary colours—to keep us steadily in the picture through the shocks of Tormance; Howard Marion-Crawford is a Maskull more attractive than the text's; and there are three especially Lindsayesque voices: those of Olive Gregg, sharply metallic as Tydomain (though I agree that Lindsay uses the word 'delicate'), Denys Blakelock, gravely composed as the man from the underground world; and, most uncanny, Marjorie Westbury as that betwixt-and-between creature, Leehallfac. Miss Westbury has acted many things, but never before, I think, a phaen. I am delighted to know how a phaen talks, in a form of semi-recitative, yet by no means without the suggestion of a 'forest-horn heard from a great distance'. There are several others to praise: Robert Farquharson, with the crackling-branch manner of the zealot slain in Sant; Denis Goacher, with the abominable cruel drawl of a minor Nero; and Anthony Jacobs, at beginning and end, as Krag. The last passages are much simplified: in the book Lindsay presses too hard. But here I speak as one who flickers the pages: the call is for a stout spade, steady digging. Always, I fear, I shall take my 'Voyage to Arcturus' as a surge of romantic invention. Pleasure in the *décor* distracts me from the metaphysics; Crystalman lures me from the path. 'What do you mean to do?' are the last words of Mr. King Bull's script. My answer is direct: to read the book again, and to keep it, as ever, at the bedside. The club is not dissolved.

A single paragraph is unfair treatment for Giles Cooper's 'Mathry Beacon' (Third), the tale of a camp the Army forgot, a few soldiers—men and women—eight miles from a house, and five from a road, 2,500 feet up among the Welsh mountains. They guard an unlikely bit of apparatus and go on guarding it. Can we believe it is possible to keep from most of the camp news of the end of the war—to have these people marooned up there for nearly a decade of peace? Yes: given Mr. Cooper's setting, and his way with the ironical-tragical-fantastic, we can suspend disbelief. Well acted by all (Maurice Denham, David Markham, Eleanor Summerfield, for example), and with Donald McWhinnie to keep the wind moving in the wires, this becomes a haunting piece, in its fashion as strange as 'A Voyage to Arcturus'. Certainly it is not an everyday matter. Science fiction? Well, maybe, yes.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Discovering the Past

IN 'THE ARCHAEOLOGIST' last week Professor Stuart Piggott described the process—it covered twenty years—of his discovery of the 'Wessex Culture' which produced the final form of Stonehenge. It might seem to the less learned of us that all a man needs to set about discovering a prehistoric civilisation is a spade and a notion

where to start digging, but that, actually, is only a fraction of the process. Much of the work of the explorer of pre-history consists in visiting museums and making a close study of the finds of other diggers, reassessing the work of other archaeologists, keeping an eye on the reports in learned publications in several languages, and so accumulating an intimate knowledge of the details common to all which will enable him to spot clues from lands as far apart as England and Egypt, Brittany and Palestine. To rouse the ordinary listeners' interest and excitement in these slow and often dry investigations can be no easy matter, but Dr. Piggott has nothing of the pedant about him. His broadcasts are not lectures; they are lively talks which force us to participate in his own interest and excitement in his detective work.

It was the pleasure of participation that I missed as I listened to John Betjeman's 'Using Your Eyes', a shortened version of his Rede Lecture given at Cambridge last month. In other broadcasts he has set me down in some town or village unknown to me—I recall with particular pleasure a visit to Padstow—and shown me not merely the parish church and the venerable town hall, but the railway station and the gas-works, so that gradually the entire personality of the town gathers round me. My disappointment in 'Using Your Eyes' was not that he failed to do this, since this was not his object. His object was, as he said, 'to convey to you my pleasure in buildings of all dates', but what he actually did was something different, and, to me at least, much less exciting. He told us, in fact, how he has developed his own special attitude to buildings and their settings by assembling round them their literary and historic associations, and by comparing earlier conceptions of them as seen in old illustrated books—in Gilpin's *Picturesque Tours*, books of aquatints of late Georgian villas, Cotman's etchings of East Anglian churches, and later publications. In short, for most of his time Mr. Betjeman did not call on me to use my eyes, nor even his eyes. He hardly showed me the illustrations in those books; he simply catalogued them, and I began to feel that we had got stuck in a rather dusty and ill-lighted library. The title of Mr. Betjeman's lecture in its original form—'The English Town in the Last Hundred Years'—makes me suspect that if I had heard it, and not the shortened version, my feelings might have been very different.

A Light Programme broadcast, number two of 'The River Police', which dealt with that portion of their beat called 'Kings' Reach', gave us a formidable dose of excitement. King's Reach is that part of the Thames lying between Blackfriars and Westminster, and the broadcast opened with a description of the scene as it unfolded before John Snagge while he cruised the Reach in the B.B.C. launch whose unobtrusive pulse gave a realistic background to his impressions, which included with true Betjemanian impartiality not only St. Paul's dome but the Bankside power station. Thence to the floating police station at Waterloo Pier where we were given a thrilling and entirely convincing feature reconstructing a typical incident in the River Police's duties. A woman is spotted behaving suspiciously on . . . I suppose it was Hungerford Bridge, leaning far over the parapet, then glancing anxiously to right and left, then leaning again. The spotter expresses the view that she may be a 'jumper', which—I explain for readers as ignorant as I was—is the River Police's technical and irreverent term for a would-be suicide. Instantly the engine of one of the police launches is started up, Bow Street is warned in the hope that the woman may be stopped in time, and next moment 'over she goes'. It was all appallingly real. Thereafter followed the rescue and subsequent benevolent

activities of the Police. Tom Fallon's script and Tom Waldron's production were in all respects admirable. As a sedative after this hair-raising experience we were sent away with a comical but actual incident, the rescue of a floating elephant which proved on inspection to be a bogus one.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### The Whole of It

THERE IS A STORY that the Director of the Paris Opéra, encountering Rossini in the street and hoping to gratify him, told the composer that in a forthcoming programme he proposed to include an act of 'William Tell'. Rossini stopped in his tracks and exclaimed: 'What! the whole of it!' One can imagine a like ironic query arising on Verdi's lips, if one supposes that he studies *Radio Times*, on seeing that 'La Forza del Destino' was to be broadcast. For of all his operas this is the one that has suffered most injury from cutting and rearrangement by producers who think they know better than Verdi, in the interests of impatient modern audiences. It was, therefore, gratifying to find that last week's broadcast did indeed give us 'the whole of it'. Not a bar was cut, not a scene displaced.

And what a difference it made! 'Forza' is a long opera. Played in two parts, it took just under three hours, which means that, with three intervals and pauses for scene-changes, it would take nearer four hours in the theatre. But the opera has to cover an immense amount of ground, and hardly any of the time is ill-spent. The pilgrims and the soldiers' patrol, the songs of Preziosilla and Melitone's sermon, the pedlar and the camp-followers are not so much decorative padding. They are essential to the establishment of the background to the central drama. Stripped of this background the opera's plot seems absurd enough, though we may reasonably make allowance for the rigid code of honour to which Spanish gentlemen subscribed.

Set against this background of camp-life in war-time, which Verdi observed with an eye for the comic side and presented with a veracity and vigour that makes these *genre*-scenes as vivid as the pictures of Teniers, the sombre tragedy of the Vargas family comes into proper perspective. And many of these little scenes have a more immediate dramatic function. The patrol of soldiers (Act III, Scene 6) is not an otiose piece of scene-setting. It is there, so that the patrol's intervention in the duel between Carlo and Alvaro may seem perfectly natural. If it is omitted, the interruption becomes merely a means of keeping tenor and baritone alive to fight another day. So it is, too, with the order of the scenes, which are carefully devised to provide light and shade in the right places. Even the Glyndebourne production at Edinburgh erred in these matters, perhaps not wilfully, but to conform to the city's transport arrangements.

It has been said, by the late Richard Capell I think, that the six best voices in the world will just about satisfy the requirements of 'Forza'. If it cannot be said that this galaxy was assembled for the recording we heard, all the singing was on a high level. Maria Callas may bring more vocal excitement to the part of Leonora than Renata Tebaldi does, but she does not maintain the consistent purity of tone and impeccable intonation that we heard from Tebaldi, who moreover brought out to the full the pathetic character of the part. Del Monaco is one of the louder tenors, but then Don Alvaro is a loud part, and it must be said that the singer belied his reputation for bawling by some very intelligent and expressive use of *mezza voce*. The baritone, Bastiniani, is a young singer with a good, if not exceptional, voice, who did



nothing wrong even if he did not greatly excite the listener. Siepi's Padre Guardiano was a rock-firm base to the ensembles of Act II, and both Simionato's Preziosilla and Corena's Melitone (though a little too solemn on his first appearance) were excellent. But it was the chance of hearing the whole of this magnificent opera as Verdi wrote it that marked this broadcast out as an exceptional experience.

During the week we also visited Birmingham

for rather humdrum performances of Haydn's 'Surprise' Symphony and Brahms' Fourth with, in between, a new Trombone Concerto by Gordon Jacob which showed the composer's enormous skill in handling an improbable medium; Aldeburgh for the pre-audition of one of the Festival concerts, in which Mozart's Wind Serenade in C minor made the two ballet-suites of the 'twenties by Milhaud and Poulenc sound rather silly; and Glyndebourne in such a

thunderstorm that a seemingly first-rate performance of 'Die Entführung' was considerably marred by distortion and crackling. So I reserve comment until I have heard a performance in the theatre.

I hope that readers of last week's article in this column understood figuratively the reference to Mozart's 'figured basses'; I should have written 'continuo'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Leoš Janáček and Slavonic Music

By MARTIN COOPER

Music by Janáček will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, July 3, and at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, July 7

**A**LTHOUGH almost every country in Europe experienced a nationalist movement in music at some time during the nineteenth century, their permanent contributions to the universal repertory have been very unequal.

It was the awakening of the Slavonic world to national or racial self-consciousness that caused the flowering of the greatest, most universally appealing music in the unmistakable national style, first in Russia and a little later in the Bohemian-Moravian provinces of the old Austrian Empire. Thirty years separate the first successes of Glinka and Smetana in the national style; and the movement remained active right up to the creation of the modern Czechoslovakia, whereas it was a spent force in Russia by the beginning of the present century.

Western Europe and America adopted Dvořák—to the alternate amusement and irritation of his countrymen—as the one incomparable representative of his country's music. Smetana's music, outside 'The Bartered Bride', is little played in the West; and although Czechs rightly feel and enjoy its more deeply and characteristically national character, foreigners naturally appreciate Dvořák's more universal appeal and his ability to handle the great traditional forms of music. The position of Janáček is rather different. Although he was only Dvořák's junior by a dozen years, he hardly achieved maturity as a composer until the time of Dvořák's death in 1904; and this fact, added to his temperamental originality, has given him all the characteristics—many of them prejudicial to immediate popularity—of a 'modern' composer, although he was in fact born in 1854.

Janáček was born in poor circumstances in northern Moravia, near the Polish frontier, and received his first musical education with the Augustinian fathers at Brno. At the age of twenty he went to Prague to study, but returned to Brno in 1875 as conductor of the local Philharmonic Society. After further short periods of study in Leipzig and Vienna he seemed finally to have decided on a safe, provincial career when in 1881 he married and opened a school of music in Brno. Yet one of his earliest works, the Suite for Strings (1877), shows how far even then he was from being a mere follower of his friend Dvořák, the originality of his ear and his dissatisfaction with both traditional western music and with mere rehashing of folk-song.

During these early years he tried his hand at nearly every form of music, including many choral songs for men's voices, some arrangements and others original settings. Like Smetana, he very rarely used an actual folk-song in his own compositions, but he had the same gift of writing melodies virtually indistinguishable from the original dateless and authorless tunes.

In 1887 Janáček completed his first opera, unfortunately to the same libretto as Fibich's 'Sárka'. A second, 'The Beginning of a

Romance', was given at Brno in 1894 and a third, on which he worked for nearly ten years, was given there in 1904 and remained in the local repertory. This was the three-act peasant tragedy 'Her Foster-daughter', known outside Czechoslovakia as 'Jenufa'. It was the subsequent performance of this work, after much opposition, at Prague in 1916, that suddenly brought fame to Janáček at the age of sixty-two and turned, almost overnight, the eccentric provincial professor into a national figure whose reputation soon spread to Vienna and beyond.

This success acted as an extraordinary stimulus to Janáček and during the remaining twelve years of his life he composed an astonishing number of works. These include three operas—'Katya Kavanová', 'The Cunning Little Vixen', and 'From the House of the Dead' (after Dostoevsky); the tone poem 'Taras Bulba', and the comparatively well-known Sinfonietta: the unforgettable 'Diary of One who Vanished' and the Slavonic Festival Mass. The chamber music of these last years includes two string quartets, a wind sextet ('Youth') and the Concertino for piano and chamber orchestra.

In listening to any of Janáček's music written during these last years it is impossible to believe that it is the work of an old man. The character of the material, the sonorities employed, and the explosive force of the expression are all those of a young man; and if the harmonic idiom is not revolutionary, it is still far from that of Janáček's contemporaries—Elgar, say, or Puccini. His attitude to tonality was influenced by the modal character of the folk-music with which he grew up; and although he never abandoned tonal writing, he often dispensed with key signatures and carefully avoided the intervals and cadences which make tonality unambiguous.

Any commentator but a compatriot is at a great disadvantage in discussing one aspect of Janáček's art that he considered of fundamental importance. This is his conscious musical adaptation, not only for rhythmical but also for melodic purposes, of the spoken language of his native district of Moravia. What this really means we can best understand if we imagine a composer of our own who tried to shape his melodies on the short, quick, staccato rhythms and regularly recurring melodic lines of the English-speaking Welsh. There is in fact a real similarity between these Welsh characteristics and those of north-eastern Moravian and Slovakian folk-music, where 'the stereotyped repetition of 2-3 bar periods derives from a particular manner of popular speech whereby short verbal phrases are repeated either in an emotional outburst or to give a statement increased poignancy' (Dr. Hans Hollander). Janáček's melodic material is often just this—the repetition, with little variation even in scoring, of short, dramatic speech-motives.

We are familiar with the principle from Mussorgsky's music, where the inherent con-

nection with Russian speech is clear from the hopeless inadequacy of all translations. Janáček, however, deeply influenced by Russian literature and (unlike Smetana and Dvořák) a Pan-Slav by political sympathy, was not greatly indebted to Russian music, although it is hard to believe that he was not acquainted with Mussorgsky's 'Boris Godunov' until a few years before his death. Characteristically Slavonic was the combination in Janáček's character of a volcanically sensual pantheism with Tolstoyan evangelical sentiments of forgiveness and universal love. We see the two combined most clearly in the Slavonic Festival Mass and, in dramatically contrasted form, in 'Katya Kabanova'. Much of the music of the Mass is almost orgiastic in character, with its gabbled Amens at the end of the Gloria and its battery of drums heralding the wild organ interlude in the Credo.

This same pantheistic sentiment led Janáček to study the sounds of nature and to observe animal life; the storm in 'Katya Kabanova' and the whole of the opera 'The Cunning Vixen' show the unusual closeness and intensity of his relationship with the natural world. Perhaps the most perfect fusion of lyric and dramatic, peasant feeling and exquisite musical artistry in all his work is to be found in the strange 'Diary of One who Vanished'—a song cycle for tenor voice and piano, with small parts for contralto solo and three other women's voices in chorus. The anonymous poems form a kind of 'Dichterliebe' sequence, but without the sophistication of Heine's feelings. The singer is a young peasant who has first resisted and then been swept away by his passion for a gypsy which has eventually separated him from his family and brought him to complete ruin. The desperate intensity of his feelings, the mysterious and irresistible attraction of the girl, the setting in fields and by the edge of the woodland, the struggle between his family affections and this new and incomprehensible world of physical passion—Janáček's music gives the whole story in its most concentrated lyrical and dramatic essence. No English words will fit naturally into these breathless, staccato phrases, but not even translation can seriously diminish those songs' emotional impact on the listener.

There is no doubt of Janáček's position in the music of his native country. He takes the highest place in the Smetana-Dvořák succession, more deeply rooted in national music and local feeling than either and facing eastwards in his sympathies, where they faced unambiguously westward. Not all his music can ever win a permanent place in any except the Czechoslovak repertory, but there is a large and solid body of his music, including at least three operas, which has won the admiration of all those who have mastered the initial difficulties presented by an unfamiliar style and could represent a unique enrichment of the repertory.





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B.B.C. Television Service

9.15 p.m. Sunday, 1st July, 1956

# Aunt Eliza



Who used her Loaf  
and made a  
Happy Marriage

When Aunt Eliza was a girl  
She dearly loved the Social Whirl  
And took in all the Best Events  
But never read Advertisements:  
Not one. She never knew just what  
To buy, or whether to or not.  
Until one day her latest beau  
(Soon to be known as Uncle Joe)  
Arrived quite unexpectedly  
And found no Hovis there for tea.  
"But what is Hovis, Joseph dear?"  
She asked; then wiped away a tear  
When he replied that every wife  
Knew Hovis was the Slice of Life.  
"Come now," he scoffed, "have you not read  
About that Lovely Loaf of Bread,  
How Good it is, and Wholesome, too?"  
"My love, I've not." "Then see you do!"  
She did. And ever since that date,  
Her Joe's had plenty on his plate





h: Housewife

# A Brighter Diet for the Dyspeptic

By A DOCTOR

PEOPLE with indigestion often eat too restricted a diet; the danger usually is not that they will eat things they should not but that they will restrict themselves unnecessarily. There are times when really strict dieting is essential. People with bad ulcer pain do sometimes have to exist for short periods on frequent milk or milky foods—but it is bad for them to have nothing but slops for too long.

I am not talking, of course, to those who have had a special diet prescribed for them by their doctor: such people should obviously follow their instructions, because only the doctor who knows all about them can know what is best in their case.

I talk to many people with ulcers and indigestion of various kinds, and I find that some of them have really put themselves on a diet. They have heard from someone or read somewhere that one thing or another is supposed to be bad for digestion, and they end up by taking a very restricted diet consisting mainly of boiled fish, milk puddings, occasional chicken perhaps, and white bread. Such a diet becomes unappetising after a time, and, incidentally, is deficient in both iron and vitamins. Sometimes people even insist on having everything minced, and this makes things even more dreary and depressing. I have never been able to see why people with adequate teeth should not mince their food themselves. Indeed adequate chewing, which is the food with saliva, is the first essential of digestion. Then people who have

nothing but soft foods usually get a thick fur on the tongue. They are apt to put this down to their indigestion, but it is in fact due to sloppy food and the absence of proper chewing.

I am sure that many people with a tendency to indigestion could eat a more varied diet than they do. It is a mistake to think that such people should eat only white fish and white meats. Most can eat tender cold meats, including cold ham, and some can eat hot boiled or braised meat. Hot roast meats do upset some people, and fried meat or fried fish should usually be avoided. Those who really cannot take meat can usually manage fish, baked, boiled, steamed, or grilled, but not fried; and they might also try stewed tripe, brains, and, of course, eggs, boiled, poached, or scrambled. Then green and root vegetables, if soft and well cooked, agree with most people, as does well-mashed potato. As well as milk puddings, there are blancmanges, egg custard, junket, milk jelly, lightly steamed sponge pudding, fruit fool, and so on.

For breakfast fine oatmeal porridge, groats, and various flakes with milk are suitable; eggs, again boiled, poached, or scrambled; a little bacon grilled crisply or, if that disagrees, try a little cold, boiled bacon or ham. Toast is best buttered when cold, and bread should not be too new. Honey and various jellies usually agree quite well. Tea should be taken not too strong with plenty of milk. For supper there is a choice of eggs, as before, or fish or tripe and, if you like, one of the puddings I mentioned.

Perhaps you have to take a meal to work with you. Try sandwiches filled with grated or cream cheese, cold ham, cold boiled bacon, minced fish or minced meat, or scrambled egg.

I cannot promise that everyone with indigestion or with an ulcer can eat all these things, but I think most such people can eat some of them without any ill effects, and so have a more varied and appetising diet, to their considerable benefit. As I said, perhaps the most important thing is small meals frequently rather than big ones at long intervals.—*Home Service*

## Notes on Contributors

BRUCE MILLER (page 875): Lecturer in Politics and Head of the Department of Government, University College, Leicester

RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS (page 877): journalist, formerly on staff of *The Economist*, who recently visited Yugoslavia for the B.B.C.

W. B. REDDAWAY (page 878): Director, Department of Applied Economics, Cambridge University; author of *Economics of a Declining Population*, etc.

OLIVER STEWART, M.C. (page 879): editor of *Aeronautics*

B. B. KEET (page 883): Professor of Theology, Stellenbosch University

E. J. RICHARDS (page 888): Professor of Aeronautical Engineering, Southampton University since 1950

## Crossword No. 1,361.

Flora.

By Seadog

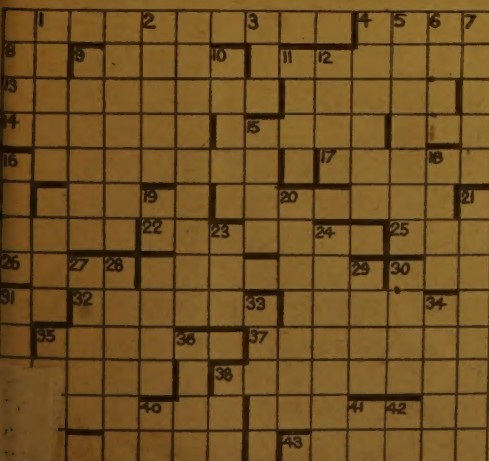
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The twenty-one unclued lights are made up of nine of a kind, and twelve of a kind associated with them.

### CLUES—ACROSS

4. Come near, cow (4)  
8. See 42R



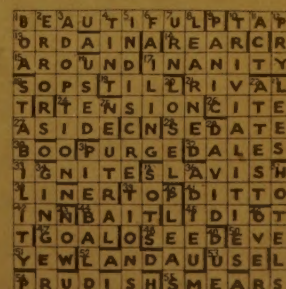
9. Long Island resin is purple (5)  
13. Spokesman at No. 10 gives the story (8)  
14. Rarely like Seadog (6)  
16. Red cure for an upset dormouse (8)  
17. Dealt, in Egypt, for example (5)  
22. I drink a lot to expound, but play an important part these days (7)  
25. Even found in Geneva (3)  
26. Sudden crack (4)  
30. An amusing incident at the local (3)  
31. 38D. A quiet rest in Berwick (5)  
32. Prowled but thought about nothing (6)  
37. Insect, insect and animal in fact (7)  
38. 'His look drew — and attention still as night' (8)  
39. Cut a girl and partial paralysis results (7)  
43. Set square can be made to fly (6)

### DOWN

1. Distinctive characters (5)  
2. Separate from love line (5)  
3R. Wood-sorrel (3)  
4. Appraiser causes a rise in price (6)  
5. Turn round turn round nothing turned round (7)  
6. 'On thy cold grey stones, —' (1, 3)  
7. Nips can be had here: a soak has had plenty (5)  
10R. Applied to a gum acid (5)  
11. Found in the archaic past (4)  
12. Argued in America (4)  
15. Issue up a spell (4)  
16. Found in the slagheap (4)

18. Police station or tree-shrew depending on locality (4)  
19. 40. Island in situ (4)  
20. Memoranda (7)  
21. Italian famous in artistry and the same in poetry (8)  
23. Serve as a passage in poetry (3)  
24. Mixed spice and exercise are good for the digestive system (7)  
27. Dot loses her head in a discreditable affair (5)  
28. Fragment in a liquor (6)  
29. The function of doctrine (4)  
30. Cease, even if it is not British (4)  
33. Coarse paintings (5)  
34. The place to find an insect without a tail (5)  
35. A reticent person about Latin America (4)  
36. Wickedness, though not uninteresting, is disagreeable (4)  
38. See 31 and 41  
40. See 19  
41. 38D. End in spring for instance (4)  
42R. 8. You make love in a small tumbledown house (4)

## Solution of No. 1,359



Prizewinners: 1st prize: Rev. P. Lewis (Canterbury); 2nd prize: L. E. Willcox (Hove, 3); 3rd prize: M. Wollman (Cambridge)



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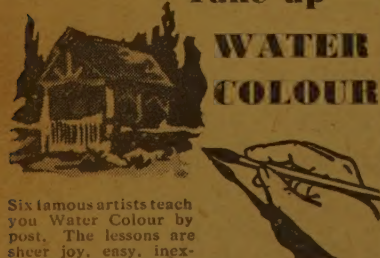
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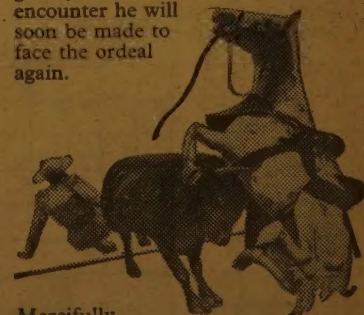
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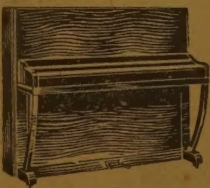
and the word is Cruelty—abominable cruelty at that. In this degrading "sport" only human beings stand a chance of getting away with it—the professional bull-fighter and, of course, the pitiless spectators. The bull is doomed in any event to death by expert tormentors armed with fiendish goads. The poor horse is doubtless grateful when he's not gored, but if he survives this encounter he will soon be made to face the ordeal again.



Mercifully, this country left bull-baiting and bear-baiting behind a century ago. Remember, to see a bull-fight is to support it. Send a donation instead to the Chief Secretary, RSPCA Dept. L, 105 Jermyn Street, London S.W.1.

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